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NO DEATH.

WASH. A. DANSKIN.

We know—you and I—that death has no place
In the limitless regions of infinite space;
We live on the earth and we delve for a while,
We then bask forever in God's radiant smile;
And if while we're delving we sometimes would look
Through the luminous pages of Nature's vast book,
We would learn from that volume—with wisdom so rife—
There can be no death where there's Infinite Life.

FUTURE LIFE.

FROM PROF. DENTON'S NEW BOOK "RADICAL RHYMES."

Shall trees live for ages, and garnish the ground,
In verdure and beauty and gladness abound?
Shall they enjoy life for a thousand long years,
Unburdened with sorrows, untroubled by fears?
And yet man, the noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the God-like and wise,
Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfold like a rose, and then wither away?
Or dance like a bubble a while on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave?
Oh, no! for Eternity calls him her son:
His circuit of glory he ever shall run;
The heavens present him their infinite store;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.
Released from the clay, the immortal shall rise,
Till earth floats beneath him, a speck in the skies;
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT,

to the American Association of Spiritualists.

Called to preside over your Association by the action of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the same, held at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, 1871, I have felt that you would naturally expect of me some expression of my views concerning the purposes which ought to be effected by our joint action, and the means by which our objects can be best obtained.

Consulting the Preamble and Constitution of the American Association of Spiritualists, as amended at the Seventh Annual Meeting, held at Richmond, Ind. in 1870, I find the following general statement:

The undersigned, feeling the necessity of a religious organization free from the trammels of sect or dogma, and more in accordance with the spirit of American institutions as manifested to the world by the Declaration of Independence, than any religious organization now existing, believe that the time has come for concentrated action. While we seek after all truth, and believe that in united and associative action, under proper system and order, these objects can be most successfully reached, we hereby unite ourselves together under the following articles of association.

Your Association is therefore: 1. *A Religious Organization.* 2. Virtually, a *Political Organization*, seeking to actualize the *Spirit* of American institutions and of the Declaration of Independence; that is to say, THE EQUAL RIGHTS of all men, without regard to sex, race or previous condition. 3. *A scientific and philosophic Institution*, seeking after all truth, and proposing to establish *a University*, (as provided for in one of your articles,) of a new and higher grade than any now extant; and 4. a Socialistic and Practical Organization, believing in "*United and Associative Action*, "*under proper system and order*," that is to say, by the aid of the Highest Science of Organization, the truest inspirations and the best practical leadership, in order to accomplish the best results.

With these expressed objects in view in your constitution, I can only regard the fact of your election of me, personally a stranger among you, and by spontaneous action, as your President, as due, in a great measure, to the fact that I had already become, in some sense, the candidate of a Political Organization which has adopted the significant name of the EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY, and as an intimation that the great and influential body of Spiritualists has arrived at a state of readiness to intervene actively in the political affairs of the country.

It may, indeed, not have been distinctly in your thoughts to enter directly into the arena of politics, as they now exist and are conducted, but rather to aid, by whatsoever means, the purposes of the spirit world to inaugurate a new and higher style of political or governmental influences, which shall neutralize the prevalent corruption and place our national institutions upon a footing of purity, efficiency and elevating tendency for the whole people; and, indeed, can hardly tell whether the great political revolution, which I *do know* is impending, in order *to establish justice* among us, will be worked out in any great measure through the political machinery of our existing government; or whether the whole grand national movement for reform will not at an early day rise higher than the limits of the vessel which has hitherto contained our national destinies, and overflowing them, demand the institution of *A New Government*, with a *basis* on the *Principles* of the old, but with a freer autonomy and with more deference to the highest inspirations of the spirit world.

The spirits have, indeed often intimated, through various mediums of the class used for the foreshadowing of governmental changes, that the existing government of the United States, under the present patched and incongruous Constitution, is inadequate to the immense expansion that governmental and social reform must unavoidably take on in the immediate future.

Whenever any institution devised to aid the efforts of humanity, and which has served its day, has then become an impediment to further improvement, it is the wisest conservatism to *save the spirit* which dictated such means of progress, and to replace them by substituting new instrumentalities, having a better adaptation to the wants of the age and a still higher grade of efficiency in conducing to the same end.

The Constitution of the United States and the government which administers it are now on trial before the American people; in view of that immense change of conditions which the rapid development of the world, and especially the open intercourse and the mingled interests of the two worlds, have brought about, and are destined, in the coming few years, to augment, almost infinitely.

The possibility that in order "to establish justice" in this country, and in the world at large, the inauguration of a new and higher order of government, more in accordance with the science of organization, and with the designs of our spiritual guides, may be necessary, is not entirely a new thought with me.

The following extract from a discourse which I delivered before the National Woman's Suffrage Association, at Apollo Hall, New York, at the May Anniversary, May 11th, 1871, will show that the subject has been contemplated:

If Congress refuse to listen to and grant what women ask, there is but one course left them to pursue. Women have no government Men have organized a government, and they maintain it to the utter exclusion of women. Women are as much members of the nation as men are, and they have the same human rights to govern themselves which men have. Men have none but an usurped right to the arbitrary control of women. Shall free, intelligent, reasoning, thinking women longer submit to being robbed of their common rights? Men fashioned a government based on their own *enunciation* of principles: that taxation without representation is tyranny; and that all just government exists by the consent of the governed. Proceeding upon *these* axioms, they formed a Constitution declaring all persons to be citizens, that one of the rights of a citizen is the right to vote, and that no power within the nation shall either make or enforce laws interfering with the citizen's rights. And yet men deny women the first and greatest of all the rights of citizenship, the right to vote.

Under such glaring inconsistencies, such unwarrantable tyranny, such unscrupulous despotism, what is there left women to do but to become the mothers of the future government.

We will have our rights. We say no longer by your leave. We have besought, argued and convinced, but we have failed: *and we will not* fail.

We will try you *just once more.* If the very next Congress refuse women all the legitimate results of citizenship; if they indeed merely so much as fail by a proper declaratory Act to withdraw every obstacle to the most ample exercise of the franchise, then we give here and now, deliberate notification of what we will do next.

There is one alternative left, and we have resolved on that. This convention is for the purpose of this declaration. As surely as one year passes, from this day, and this right is not fully, frankly and unequivocally considered, we shall proceed to call another convention expressly to frame a new constitution and to erect a new government, complete in all its parts, and to take measures to maintain it as effectually as men do theirs.

If for people to govern themselves is so unimportant a matter as *men now assert it to be*, they could not justify themselves in interfering. If, on the contrary, it is the important thing *we conceive it to be*, they can but applaud us for exercising our right.

We are plotting revolution; we will overslough this bogus Republic and plant a government of righteousness in its stead. We rebel against, denounce and defy this arbitrary, usurping and tyrannical government which has been framed and imposed on us without our consent, and even without so much as entertaining the idea that it was or could be of the slightest consequence what we should think of it, or how our interests would be affected by it, or even that we existed at all; except in the simple case in which we might be found guilty of some offense against its behests, when it has not failed to visit on us its sanctions with as much rigor as if we owed rightful allegiance to it, which we do not, and which, in the future, we will not even pretend to do.

This new government, if we are compelled to form it, will be, in principles, largely like that government which the better inspirations of our fathers compelled them to indite, in terms, in the Constitution, but from which they and their sons have so scandalously departed in their legal constructions and actual practice. It shall be applicable, not to women alone, but to all persons who shall transfer their allegiance to it, and shall be in every practicable way a higher and more scientific development of the governmental idea.

We have learned the imperfections of men's government, by lessons of bitter injustice, and hope to build so well that men will desert from the less to the more perfect. And when, by our receiving justice, or by our own actions, the old and false shall be replaced by the new and true, then for tyranny and exclusiveness shall be inaugurated equality and fraternity, and the way prepared for the rapid development of social reconstruction throughout.

In conclusion, premit me to recur to the importance of following up the advantages we have already gained, by rapid and decisive blows for complete victory. Let us do this through the courts wherever possible, and by direct appeals to Congress during the next session. And I again declare it as my candid belief that if women will do one-half their duty until Congress meet, that they will be compelled to pass such laws as are necessary to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Articles of Amedments to the Constitution, one of which is equal political rights for all citizens.

But should they fail—then for the alternative.

It is possible, therefore, that while your action in making me your President implies, as I have said, a readiness on your part to engage in the political affairs of the country; it may be that you will not be called on so much to participate in our existing political usages, as you will to give your attention to the higher questions of a true government, and to the means of superseding or replacing a political fabric which is denounced on all hands as corrupt, and which will have definitively failed of its object if it systematically persists in a course of injustice.

And, indeed, in any event, it is doubtful whether the government of the United States is not on too low a plane of uses to subserve the wants of the new society which science, aided by Spiritualism, is providentially designed to establish. There is a scope of human affairs and of human interests which should be administered for the common welfare, and which every government hitherto extant in the world has failed to compass, which is far larger than the whole of what they have sought, even, to include within their sphere of activity. For example, such is the better education, even beginning with the better generation of progeny. In the Children's Progressive Lyceum we have the incipiency of a system which, if it were developed and applied with the degree of zeal its merits demand, would tend largely to improve the condition of the future. Spiritualists are blind to the best interests of humanity when they give this system so meagre support. A matter of prime and fundamental importance should engage the first and best attention of reformers. It might be readily expanded into a national system of education, far higher in rank than anything which has hitherto been attained. The university which you propose should also be chiefly engaged in developing the true principles of Life and Government. The germs of many other grand ameliorations are already contained in your programme, and still many others will gradually be unfolded.

It is obvious that government now, when a science of Sociology exists, and when the wisdom of all past ages, distilled in the alembic of death and preserved in the heavens, shall be finally available for mankind, must be something very different from the empirical and chance-begotten governments of the past. It will be a government of influx and attraction, in the place of coercion and brute force; and nothing could be more graceful or appropriate than that the Spiritualists should take the lead in substituting the sway of socialistic charm, or the fascination of devotion to the Good, the True and the Beautiful, to be illustrated in the collective life of humanity, for the disgraceful scramble of adverse interests and the bloody conflicts of freedom and oppression in the world.

But it is not the Spiritualists alone who are marching in this direction. The Woman's Rights Party, which also has a world-wide development, has already, in this country, surrendered to the initiative, which, prompted, it is true, by my spiritual inspirations, I was led to take. They have almost unanimously planted themselves firmly on the platform which was suggested to me by those whom I feel honored to obey; and standing there, they are rapidly compelling the convictions and the co-operation of the Press, the Politicians and the Judiciary in the rendition of their first or lowest order of political rights.

I shall feel it incumbent upon me, indeed, to be present in Washington the coming winter to complete that line of procedure, by procuring the passage of a declaratory Act from Congress, defining the rights of women to vote under the Constitution. But it is almost tedious to wait, even for an hour, for that work. Other and more constructive measures lie beyond. The times are pregnant with great events. Abolition and the Woman's Rights movements have been merely for the removal of obstructions, in a preparation of the way. Our evils are still more social than political, and our remedies must be so also; except that the new and ordinary style of politics will come in aid of social reform; and, in that sense, politics will still retain a paramount importance in human affairs.

Another great army of progressive reformers, heading obviously in the same direction as the Spiritualists and the Woman's Rights Party, consists of all the segments of the Labor Movement; the National Labor Union, the Internationals, the New Democracy, the Working Women's Associations and the like. Hardly a day passes that I am not waited on by the leaders of one or more of these great industrial and political reform movements, and it is virtually conceded by them that all these parties are destined to be absorbed, at an early day, in the more comprehensive purposes of the Equal Rights Party.

Among the Communalists and Internationals, or allied in sympathy with them, are found most of the Socialistic thinkers, most of whom, again, are already allied directly with me, in the views and measures which I am engaged in or propose; and finally, the more progressive members of both the old political parties, *and of the church*, indicate a growing readiness to concur with this smelting of all the radical elements in one great movement for the reconstruction of society under new auspices and with a *New Departure*.

As it is not, therefore, impossible that this immense uprising movement of the people tends to the spontaneous institution of a new governmental and social order, higher in rank and in its purposes, and more accordant with the intent of Spiritualism than what we have hitherto called the government—an institution which shall transcend, without waiting to remove, and without directly antagonizing the old style political organization—it has seemed to me right to take some preliminary steps, in my capacity as President of the American Association of Spiritualists, to prepare for that possible outcome of the movement.

It is in accordance with this view that I address to you this message. In your Preamble and Constitution, you provide that the Board of Trustees "may have power to furnish aid to the destitute, employment and homes to the poor and friendless, free instruction to the ignorant, and incentives to reformation for the vicious and degraded." I am authorized to assume that the means by which these laudable objects are to be accomplished should be the best known, invoking the aid of science and inspiration. In this and in other clauses of your charter there is, then, ample power to enlarge the programme, and to build on it the working model of a New Order of Government, which shall charge itself with serving the social interests of all classes of the community.

It is also provided that "the Board of Trustees shall have control of all business matters of the Association," which is a very ample concession of powers in view of the work which is imposed upon them.

The duties of the President of your Association are less specifically defined. I cannot presume, however, that the office was ever intended to be merely a barren honor, nor that it should be confined to the act of presiding over the Annual Convention; for it is not the Presidency of the Convention, but of the National Association, which is conferred.

In the absence, therefore, of prescription, and claiming no authority to enforce, but only to devise, recommend and submit measures, I propose to call to my aid a cabinet of advisors and assistants, from among the ablest men and women in the Spiritualist ranks, and in the ranks of those who will co-operate with us, and to divide the field of the objects which your organization contemplates, into distinct Departments and Bureaus; and while co-operating with the Trustees, as a Congress, to address to the Spiritualists at large, from time to time, Messages and Reports from the heads of the different Departments and Bureaus, containing such recommendations as our mutual consultations may suggest, aided, as we hope we shall be, by communications and inspirations from our spirit friends.

If in this slight innovation there should prove to be the germ of a New Governmental Order of the Future which I have alluded to, and if it shall grow spontaneously into power, by virtue, solely, of the wisdom of its programmes, recommendations and measures, no one will have occasion to complain; while if, on the other hand, a less exalted result shall ensue, still the plans proposed may prove to have an incidental value. And, in the former event, if the Woman's Rights women and men shall unite, still, in the movement, and contribute their aid and wisdom, we who are women may execute our threat, in a higher sense than that in which it was understood, and revolt from the old government, not in the way in which men have revolted in the past, but by exhibiting the model of a new government so skillfully devised and inaugurated that collision shall be impossible, and that all necessary allegiance shall be spontaneously transferred, without shock or violence of any kind. We may even compel the old government, while it lasts, to become the servant of our plans.

Spontaneity in government is, it is true, a somewhat novel idea. Voluntaryism in the support of religion was, however, a new idea with our fathers; but it was an idea which has succeeded. People tax themselves without compulsion, to support their churches and their priests. Let government be so constituted and administered that it shall take an equally strong hold upon the affections of the people, and they will gladly tax themselves voluntarily for its support—the rich largely, and the poor in proportion merely to their means.

I cannot doubt that, in perhaps another generation, the very idea of levying taxes by compulsion will be treated as an intolerable remnant of barbarism.

There is, therefore, intrinsically nothing absurd, perhaps it will prove not anything even difficult, in providing a higher type and style of government over the heads of all our forceful and involuntary institutions; and certainly there is no class of citizens to whom I could so appropriately make my appeal in behalf of this idea, as to the Spiritualists; for it is part of our belief that, in the spirit spheres, pure and unconstrained *attraction* reigns supreme.

Friends and fellow citizens: I might stop here, having completed a somewhat literal view of the situation. I have hitherto confined myself to a cautious and guarded statement of the external and obvious facts. But I ought to do more. Let me deal frankly with you, and present the subject to you more as it really lies in my own inner consciousness. I feel that it would be an injustice to myself, an injustice to you and to the truth itself, not to communicate freely all that I have in my mind to say to you; the state of events behind the scenes, as well as in the actual seeming; the real condition in its most pregnant and portentous aspect.

In this deeper sense in the very spirit of the truth, and to my interior perception, the existing government of the United States is already stricken by destiny, and is virtually swept out of existence. The carcass, it is true remains, and is as large in its dimensions as ever, but the spirit has fled. Death has already settled on an organization which once flourished in life and manly vigor, and it is only a carcass which remains.

We have no longer the original republic; no longer a government by the people, and in the interests of the people; but a government, instead, of "Rings" and "Caucuses," in the interest of an oligarchy of unscrupulous peculators and demagogues. Our institutions are, therefore, in spirit already subverted; and none of the remedies which are proposed reach the case.

But a new and mightier power than all the rings and caucuses, than all the venal legislatures and congresses, has already entered the arena. Not only are all the reform parties that I have mentioned, coalescent on the external plane, but they have *already* coalesced, in spirit, under the new lead, and "a nation will be born in a day." They have already taken possession of the public conviction. Somewhat unconsciously as yet, but really, all the people look to the coming of a new era; but all of them are not so well aware as we are, as I have of late said elsewhere that the spirit world has always exerted a great and diversified influence over this; while it is not till quite recently that the spiritual development of this world has made it possible for the other to maintain near and continuous relations with it.

The decadence of our old style institutions coincides, therefore, with a higher development of the individual spiritual life. The old, and formal, and degraded affairs of government have simply lost their hold upon the better life of the nation The best men in the community have long since ceased to participate in political affairs; and while women are struggling to secure the ballot, it is more to remove a badge of inferiority, than with any grand faith in the efficiency of voting.

Women as well as men, while the spirit that now governs in society shall continue to govern it, will become venal and degraded in the political arena. The *sentiment* of the community must be elevated to a new plane. The good and the truly great, both men and women, must be called to the front, and into the lead of the new and spontaneous movement, and they must consent to be influenced, in turn, by the accumulated wisdom of the spirit world. Those who desire to govern for the mere sake of governing, or for selfish ends, are those who need to be overcome and subjected to government; and a new order of governors must stand at the head of affairs, who shall be inspired with a supreme ambition to accomplish a great good, while, at the same time, modest and humble in the reception of the promptings of superior wisdom.

The old political parties are effete. They have no longer any vital issues between themselves, nor any claim upon the allegiance of the masses; nor would any new party, upon simply the old basis of politics, give to our perplexed and exhausted country any relief. Still it is not the nation, but only our institutions, and the spirit which has animated them, which are worn out. The life of the nation was never so full and so healthy as now; and it is on this that the new, and beneficently revolutionary, and spiritualized order of government will be erected. And here I am reminded forcibly of the sublime *dictum* of the venerable father of the Senate—Mr. Charles Sumner—that "Anything for Human Rights is Constitutional!"

I tell you frankly, that I feel myself called upon by the higher powers to enact a great *role* in connection with this great change. It is not ambition in any common or low sense of the term. It is not any selfish grasping after power, any vulgar aspiration after

ephemeral notoriety, not even any inordinate consciousness of personal superiority over the humblest or the most obscure of my brothers or sisters in the world. It is a swelling and overmastering desire for an immense usefulness to my suffering fellow-beings; it is the ambition of uses, in the supreme sense; it is the behest of an all-conquering destiny; it is inspiration, or what you will; an impulsion, at all events, which I trace and ascribe to spiritual sources, and which will only permit me to do as I do; and which has in it, to my consciousness, the promise of undoubted and unbounded success.

Nor is this monition to a new and rare species of activity confined, in this age, to me alone, among Spiritualists. Hundreds who read this address will find in it only a record, with slight modifications, of the recent promptings of their own souls. The last twenty years has been a season of active schooling for the New Departure in all human affairs. Spiritualism itself is only the chief symptom of the ripening of humanity for great events. Thousands of individual agents have been selected by the Spirit World, sometimes notified, though not always, of their functions in the future, and have been carried through unusual experiences, fitting them for the coming crisis. Delicate women have been wrenched from their quiet seclusion in the family and sent itinerating through the world, or have been placed upon public platforms, and the words to be uttered have been put into their mouths. Strong men, with great business powers, have been stripped of their wealth, defeated in every design, plunged into poverty and held to the steady purpose of developing their minds into the apprehension of a higher order of truths. Preparations of every kind have been made in millions of directions, seemingly divergent, but now rapidly reconverging upon the common end. The hour of ultimate action is at hand. A new class of men and women will come into the direction of everything. The spirit of the old is already dead. The spirit of the new is born, and breathes, and is already living in the world.

Your enthusiastic acceptance of me, and your election of me as your president, was, in a sense, hardly your act. It was an event prepared for you, and to which you were impelled by the superior powers to which both you and I are subject. It was only one step in a series of rapid and astounding events which will in a marvelously short time change the entire face of the social world. Many among you will perhaps shrink back, on reflection, from the step you have taken. It may, indeed, commit you to much more than you are as yet deliberately prepared for. But let those who have insight and faith not be dismayed at any amount of recoil and agitation. "They that are with us are more than they that are against us." Those who are in the guidance of the world's crisis are competent to the office they have undertaken, and they will not fail. Justice *shall be* established in the earth even though the heavens should fall. The New Jerusalem which was to descend from God out of Heaven will be a literal city, in the sense of the civic and social domicil of the whole people, regenerated by the prevalence of Equity, Fraternity and Love. May God help the cause of Right and hasten the triumph of practical Truth in the whole world, through your exertions and mine, aided by the combined forces of living humanity inspired and guided by the wisdom of the so called dead.

I have thus spoken to you freely as in duty bound. I have no polite terms to make with those who do not accept the spiritual idea. Knowing it to be thus, I wait for their growth to comprehend it, and I thrust myself unreservedly, in the meantime, on your sympathy and co-operation. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at 44 Broad St., New York, October 25, 1871—present, seven members—it was resolved to continue the services of Eli F. Brown as Missionary until the 1st of January, 1872.

The Secretary was requested to appeal to the friends of Spiritualism to assist us pecuniarily in retaining him in the field.

The above address, prepared by the President, was read and considered; and, on motion of Geo. A. Bacon, it was received: That we, as the Board of Trustees, second the address prepared by our President and adopt it as an expression of our views, to go before the world as the voice of the American Association of Spiritualists, and that our President be requested to take measures to carry out the plans therein proposed, and to that end we hereby pledge her our hearty co-operation and assistance.

Signed, by direction of the Board,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
Secretary.

Spiritual Guardianship over Pets.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Why should we not guard over what we love? It is so here; why not there? The child-angels still watch with tenderness their playthings, their birds and gardens. It is their heaven to love them still, and influence sympathetic minds to keep them sacred to trust. Hence, animals and birds have been psychologized by spirits and induced to accomplish a beneficent mission. The Bible speaks of the accusing spirit that spoke ventriloquently through the medium of a beast, to Balaam; of the ravens that fed the famished Elijah; of the doves that symbolized to mortals the affections of angels. There is a philosophy here, as doubtless many a spirit whose earth-life was not finished, is attached to the same old house, and there lives a member yet of the family. Justice must be worked out where it is due; and the tender ones, yet unhealed of death's wounds, must be watched over and disciplined, till better fitted for higher uses; nationalities must be protected, righteous laws enacted for the people—yea, the republic of heaven must be established in all the earth. To do good, to enlighten and regenerate humanity, is the highest ambition of the ministering spirits. So there are child angels with us, playmates for our little ones left; guardians for the home and all its pets of love; watch-angels for the government; patron saints for the church; sages and heavenly seers for the legislature,—and all departments of our social life superintended with the vigilance of the stars for the night, and sunbeams for the day.

On the 23rd of May, 1871, at the "Free Circle" in Boston—Mrs. Conant, medium—a spirit gave a message pleading with his father to hunt up and purchase a pet horse of his, that by selling from hand to hand had fallen into "bad company." "It is a touching incident of regard," says the *Banner* editor, "for the welfare of dumb animals, which the spirit still retains in higher life, and takes this method to redress the cruelties his pet horse is subjected to by a hard-hearted master."

Edward Frances Walker is his name, and he says:

"I don't know but what it's a bad thing to be a guardian angel to a horse, but that's what I am to 'Ned'; and he can't speak for himself, and I shall speak for him as long as you give me a good chance. 'Ned' is kept half-starved, and is overworked, and abused in almost every way."

After delivering this message, Edward stated he would be much happier if his heart-felt wishes were gratified respecting his abused horse.

Glen Beulah, Wis.

Cincinnati is richly favored in having the constant ministrations of the Rev. Thomas Vickers, a radical Unitarian. There is little fellowship between him and the Rev. A. D. Mayo. The latter, though a Unitarian, is a whining, sepulchral-visaged conservative. But Mr. Vickers is a liberalist and a rationalist. He delights in elucidating the principles of natural religion. In a recent discourse delivered by him in the First Congregational Church, Cincinnati, we find the following:

It is not merely a fine figure in which Goethe makes the earth-spirit sit at "the roaring loom of Time" and weave the garment in which mankind clothes the Deity. Unconsciously, for most of us, the tireless weavers are at work on our conceptions. We get the idea and the dress in which we clothe it we scarcely know where. The dress and the idea, coming together, seem to be equally essential. Nay, the dress, as that which is relatively outward and tangible, ordinarily seems the more important of the two. As in Isaiah's vision—the skirt of God's garments fills our temple.

There is no denying that from mere force of habit men often seek religion where it is not, and quite as often fail to see it where it is. They cling to the skirts of its garments, which fill the temples, and do not see the divine essence, the essential divinity, from which the garment depends. Nor will it be denied that there are many who use the Church, the acknowledged organization of religion, to merely private and unworthy ends. No thoughtful man who looks abroad over society can help becoming aware of a fact so patent. And knowing this, certainly no reflecting person will be astonished that men should be found to scoff at religion, to regard it as a delorable excess of the human mind, and to speak of it, as Tacitus does of Christianity, as an "execrable superstition." We all know how many men there are that will, in their own conceit, assert, privately or openly, that whenever man transcends the visible and tangible, whenever he goes beyond what he can see with his eyes and touch with his hands, he loses the ground from under his feet and floats, in an atmosphere full of illusions, into the domain of the visionary and chimerical; men who tell us that the only real needs of man, and the only practical purposes of human association, are the power and the opportunity to make one's way in the world, to conquer an independent and honorable position in society. Of course, such men tell us that it is immaterial what one believes in religious matters; that if a man have need of superstition he may take his choice among all known religions, for one is as good and as bad as another.

Now, it is the most natural thing in the world for such men to regard him whose chief interest is in religion as visionary, enthusiastic, fanatical in a word, as unpractical. For such men are always eminently practical. How unpractical the ancient apostles were in giving up their lucrative employments to follow a man who had thrown down the saw and the ax, who had left his paternal roof, and had not a place to lay his head. What for? such men ask. For thoughts, for words, for ideas, which bring no bread, cover no nakedness, and build no houses? When Paul stood before Festus and set forth in enthusiastic speech, how, following only an inward impulse, he had sacrificed all the advantages, all the comforts and conveniences of life to his religious convictions, the ruler cried out: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." It is always so. When the Festuses meet with men who, in order that they may worship God in their own way and live according to their own conviction, have forsaken father and mother, house and home, fortune and fatherland, comfort and honorable positions in life, it is to them nothing but foolish extravagance. So when great religious crises come upon a community, when every man is called upon to rank himself on the one side or the other, and the whole social framework is set a trembling and a-tottering, such men have a convenient excuse; they "care for none of these things."

And yet these very men are after all interested in some of the best objects of society, although as a means to merely temporal ends. They are interested in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, in awakening human industry in all directions, in the extension of man's dominion over nature through continually increasing insight into her laws. They want to make life easier, more comfortable and agreeable; they want to fill it with all the pleasures which advanced culture and civilization can afford. That they do not want anything to do with religion, is certainly not wholly the effect of intellectual, still less of moral perversity. When professedly religious men begin to think less of the shows and more of the substance of religion, men professedly non-religious will probably experience at least a change of opinion. * * * For me there is no recognition of the Nazarene's greatness which is so clear, no eulogy anywhere in the New Testament writings so grand and so truthful as that conveyed in the words of Jesus' relations when they attempt to seize and shut him up, "He is beside himself." The supremely religious man is always "beside himself." He is outside of himself, in God, and in his brother man. Self has disappeared. So the words which the mocking multitude around the cross uttered in derision, "He saved others; himself he cannot save"—were unconsciously one of the grandest tributes ever paid to man. At the foot of the cross—

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might—
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

EARN WHAT YOU SPEND.—Three-fourths of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact, that most want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue and happiness without holiness. The man who wants the best things and is willing to pay just what they are worth, by honest effort and hard self-denial, will have no difficulty in getting what he wants at last. It is the men who want goods on credit that are snubbed and disappointed, and overwhelmned in the end. Happiness cannot be bought by the bottle, nor caught up by the excursion train, nor put on with any robe or jewels, nor eaten at any feast. It does not exist in any exhilaration, excitement or ownership, but comes from the use of the faculties of body and mind. To live truly, is to have happiness wherever you are.

A Few Words on Memory.

BY WILLIAM ERUNTON.

It would not be either bad fact or figure to call memory "the light of other days," the light that forgot to set when the sun went down; and so has kept the landscape clear and fresh, painted or preserved it in sweet undying colors, and left it to our wondering gaze—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." To a few it is all this, to the many it is only this in part: not the illuminating presence of the sun, that were too much, but the flash of the forked lightning breaking through the gathering clouds, and revealing the hidden loveliness wrapt in the darkness of forgetfulness. But whether it brings back the whole, or opens out only a little here and there, it is a rare and wonderful blessing, and if its powers were clothed in the langage of fiction, and its wonders put before us with the Arabian's story-telling charm, we should be amazed at the magic spell we carry with us—for in adversity it may recall wealth and pleasure; in desertion it may summon the attendance of our childhood; and in the weakness of age, all the strength, health and joyousness of youth. We carry with us far more potent instruments of research than scientist ever knew; a telescope and microscope in one, distance and nearness being alike subject to its sharp scrutiny. Well might Tennyson say:

> "Thou who stealest fire
> From the fountains of the past,
> To glorify the present; oh, haste,
> Visit my low desire!
> Strengthen me, enlighten me,
> I faint in this obscurity,
> Thou dewy dawn of memory.'

It extends our days, really lengthens our lives, and takes us from what else would make life a troubled dream. Many might say with Dante:

> "Already my slow steps had led me on
> Into the ancient wood so far that I
> Could see no more the place where I had entered."

And having failed, Indian-like, to notch the trees as they went, they are lost, have no whereabouts, and cry in vain on memory for deliverance. We all experience something of this deficiency and negligence, and yet few attempt reform and seek to keep this power undimmed. Indeed there is considerable haze in our estimation of it, most taking it to be only the property of greatness and genius—not as it truly is, the function of every natural faculty! They suppose it is located in some secret part of the head which they do not happen to possess, and so need not seek to cultivate. Certainly the central part of the forehead seems devoted to the reception and retention of events, tales and histories, yet properly, memory is the healthy exercise of all the organs of sense, hearing, touch and taste; and so the healthiness of each would ensure a good and perfect memory. You will notice that men differ in their capabilities to remember, but most are clever in their special callings. The barber remembers the cut of your hair, and the tailor the style of your dress; their perceptives daily directed to these points are strong, and must consequently act with grace and zeal in their round of duty. Mark this and you have the key to the palace of wisdom, and may enter each room and carry away what you will.

In olden times, before books were known, men by necessity became strong in their minds; debts, dates and matters of personal interest were written upon the brain, and the lack of paper or parchment proves the gain of the individual. The Indians thus transmit their histories and their knowledge; and it was thus that the works of Homer were handed down from sire to son. Books weaken the memory, if we lean too much on them for support, as the majority of us do. Knowing that we have it in black and white, often relieves us of the pleasure of knowing it where knowledge cannot fail, and where we never need be at loss for reference. It is a shame that larger opportunities should not result in larger gains. I like to see books read with such thoroughness as to need no second perusal. We spoil our memories by rapid, ill-digested reading—by flying about the universe on the wings of expectation with our cheap novelists, and coming up like Jonah from the whale's belly, not knowing what or where we be.

If we day by day accumulated a small store of facts, how wise we might become in the course of twenty years; it is the wise plodder and retainer that rises in the field of learning by placing all his books under his feet in a firm, pyramidal form, and sitting at the top, not like, but the real patience on a monument.

We ought then to make it a specific task to enlarge and strengthen ourselves here. It may be done by retelling a story we have read, recalling the principles and points of a lecture or a book, by committing little gems of thought to mind and witching strains of verse. The last is particularly adapted for children; let them do it with parental approbation, and be encouraged to know something about their country, its history, products and prospects, and the next generation will be long before us in this high power. By so cultivating the mind we shall get attention, clearness of sight, and perforce a good memory; we shall weed the garden, water the drooping flowers, revive their bloom and increase their sweetness; and with the poet we shall feel more and more,

"'Tis pleasant to remember."

Prayers at Conventions.

Prayer is not measured, made-up sentences, but aspiration. Pleading Orthodox prayers to a personal God are pitiable. To this sweeping remark, however, there are some noble exceptions. We had rather hear Thomas K. Beecher's prayers than sermons. Both are good. He puts his whole soul into his aspirational petitions. Real soul felt prayers, in the sense of devotion and aspiration, whether silent or voiced, are acceptable to the good on earth and in heaven.

The way that J. H. Harter was treated in Troy, N. Y., after his invocation, was by some considered untimely, by others unkind, and by many others still, as absolutely coarse. He did not hesitate to say that while "admiring the philosophy of Spiritualism, he was disgusted with Spiritualists." If some didn't come to Troy to "hear prayers"—rather invocations addressed to God and good angels,—others did not come to hear speaking—rather *disjointed declamation.* A little charity all around would do us no harm

Mob the Chinese!

BY GEO. A. BACON.

At Los Angeles, in California, there has been a fight between the mob and the Chinese, in which the former behaved like heathen, hanging sixteen Chinamen, and setting their "quarter" on fire. It began with resistance by the Chinese to a legal process, but that did not warrant the Los Angeleans in behaving like devils. Order was finally restored,—but later accounts represent the conduct of the mob as having been much worse than it was at first reported to be.—*Traveler.*

This is a sample of that spirit of caste and prejudice which is so rapidly bringing our country to the verge of ruin. It is the same spirit of intolerance, bigotry and persecution that arrays itself, secretly and otherwise, against every reformatory movement which characterizes the age; manifesting itself in efforts to "exterminate the Indians" on the plains and to drive the Mormons from Salt Lake, while it desperately struggles to Americanize the Jewish Jehovah and to constitutionalize bastardy in the sacred name of religion.

Our only safety, individual and governmental, is in emancipating the people from the thralldom of a theology which renders such outrages possible, and by way of substitution, incarnating the principles of Equal Rights and Impartial Justice.

Free Thought in Oregon.

BY PROF. W. H. CHANEY.

My first lecture in Williamette Valley was in Portland, Sept. 1st, since which—a period of six weeks—I have lectured twenty seven times, in addition to speaking at the "three-day's meeting" at Woodburn Grove. From my brief acquaintance with the people of Oregon, I am led to think that liberal views and the spirit of reform are more prevalent on the Pacific Coast, in proportion to the population, than on the Atlantic, or even in the Mississippi Valley. And there are two reasons why this should be the case:

First. The population (except a part of the young folks) consists entirely of emigrants, and the people who emigrate are the restless, enterprising, thinking portion. The timid, conservative, contented portion, with no higher aspiration than to move in the grooves of their fathers, rarely "cross the plains." New ideas disturb and distress them. If perchance one of them mounts the car of modern progress, you must watch him every moment, or he will put the breaks hard down and call out: "Whoa! whoa! whoa!"

Second. Those who breathe the mountain air and gaze over broad prairies, are always more liberal in their views. The surroundings seem to expand the soul and draw it out of the narrow creeds invented by priests. Civil liberty has always flourished best in agricultural provinces and among the highlands. Here we inhale the magnetism of Nature, and Nature is the synonym for freedom. Slavery, both of body and mind, is an artificial institution.

I was delighted to find the people here already moving for the establishment of a school wherein the youth may be taught true science and philosophy, free from all sectarian shackles. There is a deep and wide-spread feeling upon the subject, and I am hopeful of success.

B. F. Underwood, Esq., the noted infidel, has done much for free thought by his lectures here this fall, notwithstanding his philosophy of non-immortality is rather a cold pabulum for warm-hearted Spiritualists. I had a brief acquaintance with him in New York city, and as a gentleman admire him very much. Our meeting on this coast was most gratifying.

Miss Anthony is also doing a good work here, although not a professed Spiritualist. But she is a noble woman and a most earnest reformer. Her whole life has been devoted to one branch of reform dear to every Spiritualist, namely: the elevation of woman. The howls sent up by a portion of the old Orthodox are so many evidences of the result of her labors.

Mrs. Duniway, editor and proprietor of *The New Northwest*, a paper devoted to woman, is making a great stir among the old fogies. She is a sharp, critical, and very capable writer and speaker. She is more than a lady, for she is a *true woman*, filling the relations of wife and mother in a way to shame even her opponents. And now

PER CONTRA.

A lady (?) calling herself Mrs. J. B. Frost has been lecturing against all the reformers I have named, including myself. Her attacks upon Miss Anthony have been simply disgusting, insinuating that Miss A. has no business to know anything about generation, and asking with a sneer, "How come an old maid like her to know about these things?" Corrupt must be the heart that can scoff at a woman so pure as Miss Anthony. At a lecture in Solon, Mrs. Frost spoke of the "beast with seven heads," &c., saying that five of the heads had already appeared, to wit: 1. Infidelity; 2. Polygamy; 3. Spiritualism; 4. Female Suffrage; 5. Prof. Chaney. At this point I am supposed to faint and be carried out. More anon.

PHENOMENAL.

Spirit Photography.

Among the truly wonderful and most satisfactory evidences of spirit existence is the rapidly developing phenomena, through a phase of mediumship, by which the dear departed loved ones are enabled to present themselves to their friends and relatives still in the earthly body, in *visible, tangible forms*, AS SPIRITS!

Of course, the usual cry of "humbug," upon the part of the prejudiced, is sounded against this glorious *fact*, as it is at first against everything new or generally unknown; but whoever has received as abundant evidences as we, will doubtless have pitying charity for loud mouthed ignoramuses, realizing the certainty, that even to them, "in the fulness of time," knowledge may yet come, as an "angel of deliverance," rolling away the stone of ignorance from the door of their consciousness, enabling them to see and comprehend something of the great truth, which to the ignorant is ever the chief of humbugs.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

They are given by different methods—some as paintings and pencil drawings, and some are now taken by the same process an ordinary photograph is secured.

We gave a brief account, in a few numbers since, how we were the recipients of a beautiful painting of our loved sister Helen, drawn in wonderful close resemblance of that sweet face that lives yet in memory the idol of our childhood; although that beautiful form we loved so dearly has laid in earth's mouldering clay over twenty-three years, a natural painting of her, as we remember she looked before leaving her earthly body, was given through the mediumship of John B. Fayette, of Oswego, N. Y., an utter stranger to our family, who did not know we had a sister in spirit-life—much less how she looked before she "passed over the River." There never was a likeness or picture of our sister taken while she lived in the earth form. How then could an utter stranger to the family, paint such an excellent likeness of her, giving her full name correctly? Impossible! The *spirit* must be there, to give information and to assist in the execution of such desirable and satisfying testimony.

Besides paintings and most correct and beautiful life-like drawings, by mediums, who are called—because of this class of phenomena by them—"Spirit Artists," which we have seen, are the wonderful and certainly astonishing

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS,

now given, as we have been credibly informed, by several mediums in different parts of the country, but of our personal knowledge we are not able to testify in regard to any except the well-known artist and medium for such pictures,

W. H. MUMLER,

who run the gauntlet of one of the most persistent and exhaustive legal trials, in New York city, about two years since, that any man ever experienced!

Our readers will remember that it was boldly charged by the opponents of Spiritualism that "Mumler's spirit photographs were a fraud!" During that long trial with the most competent photographers his opponents could muster, they failed utterly to prove their charge, or *produce one picture* like Mumler's! True, many attempts were made. Shadows and shadowy forms could be produced, and were, by cunningly devised means, made to represent the human form; but they all lacked one essential characteristic prominent in Mumler's pictures;—none of those attempts gave the life-like features, easily recognized in Mumler's spirit photographs, of some departed relative or friend. Hence, the decision of the court was in Mr. Mumler's favor, and the opponents to Spiritualism, as usual, FAILED!

After this trial, Mr. Mumler returned to Boston, where he has continued in the even tenor of his way, taking spirit photographs. He is located at 170 West Springfield St., Boston, Mass., where we called upon him the fore part of September—an entire stranger—for the purpose of obtaining a spirit photograph, and testing the matter for ourselves, as we have rather a penchant for doing generally.

HOW OUR PICTURES WERE TAKEN.

We called at Mr Mumler's, a stranger to him and his wife, informing him of the object of our visit. We were soon seated in a small room, with no other visible occupants than Mr. Mumler and ourself. The same requirements were made of us that are usual in having a negitive taken, and *no other*. We sat *before* the instrument, (not behind it,) which was about ten feet from us—had the inevitable "iron brace" to steady the head—looked at a certain spot without winking—saw the clean and clear glass plate upon which "spirit forms" and ourself were expected to appear—heard those well known words so often repeated by all artists—"now sit perfectly still;" Mr. Mumler, who stood by the instrument looking at his watch, adding, "If there are any spirit friends of this gentleman present who can appear with his picture, please do so." A few seconds of Quaker-like silence—a pleasant "that will do," from Mr. Mumler, and he took the glass plate from the instrument to a dark room, used by all photographers, in applying chemicals to "develop the pictures."

In a very short space of time our own likeness and a very distinct

SPIRIT FORM

could be seen upon the glass plate, called the "negative." The form and features are those of a man, *readily identified* by those who knew him in earth life, as our cousin, *Horace Wheelock*, although we never saw, nor had any acquaintance with him. Even if Mr. Mumler could have placed the form there, we see no possibility by which the *life-like features* of friends could be given. Certainly it could not be gathered from our mind when we knew nothing what they were.

We sat again as soon as a plate could be got in readiness, the same process being gone through with as before, and no other, and the form of our

SPIRIT SISTER

appeared on the plate. Although not as distinct as Cousin Horace, still sufficiently plain for us to distinguish the resemblance to ourself and others of our family Our sister has been in spirit life over twenty-three years. There was no picture of her before she passed to the sunny Summer-land. How is it possible an utter stranger could photograph her features so plain as to be easily recognized by her brother, and the family resemblance seen by all who carefully examine it, unless the *spirit is there* and taken as is claimed?

Our testimony of these pictures, taken by Mr. Mumler, is like thousands of others who have obtained correct and exact likenesses of their friends in the same way. What an expert Mr. M. must be to originate so many different faces! No, there is power and intelligence entirely outside and beyond the control of the artist, producing these grand evidences of future existence.

We have more evidence upon this subject and shall recur to it again. In the meantime let every one try for themselves, and be fully convinced, as we are satisfied they can be.

A. A. W.

An agent, soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who after reading—"One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Afterwards.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

The Greeley, (Colorado,) *Tribune* notices the recent visit of Mrs. McFarland-Richardson to that place. It says:—"Mrs. Richardson is a much more intellectual lady than the average of cultivated women, and few excel her in good looks. The pitying, sympathetic cast of her eyes is noticable, and she is larger and stronger than one might fancy. To see her, and to hear her talk, gives additional light to the tragic story which not long ago interested the world."—*Ex.*

So the woman lives and is deservedly honored, while the coarse wretch who did his dirty and his murderous best and worst to destroy her, is execrated even by those who now blush that they even defended him.

Albert D. Richardson lost his life as a martyr to the cause of woman's sacred rights. Mrs. Richardson is a victim of social barbarism. McFarland is "a wretch it were too great a courtesy to call a villain," unless, indeed he were a madman!

A Telling and Deserved Rebuke.

The *Liberal Christian*, organ of the Unitarians, having grossly insulted Theodore Tilton and the *Golden Age*, he replies in the following manly style, proving himself immeasurably superior to his *Reverend* and Christian antagonist: G. A. B.

"The Rev. Dr. Bellows, who edits the *Liberal Christian*, has found it in his heart to speak of us as follows:—'We have no interest in the *Golden Age*, but to see it go out in darkness and be forgotten.' This extract has been sent to us in a letter from a friend, who hopes that we will "notice it as it deserves." We do not know what our correspondent expects us to say to so insulting an attack by a neighbor who calls himself a "liberal Christian." But since an act of violence to the spirit of liberal Christianity has thus been committed by Dr. Bellows, it is all the more important that a similar offence should not be committed by the *Golden Age*. In memory, therefore, of him 'who, when he was reviled, reviled not again,' and whose golden rule was, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," we hereby return the unkindness of Dr. Bellows by expressing our hearty wish that the *Liberal Christian* may so abundantly prosper under his management as to become a shining light which shall not go out in darkness, and cannot be forgotten."

Christianity vs. Labor.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

"The murder of fifty or sixty priests at Paris is one of the memorable events, like the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the September executions of Doutin, it marks a conflict which cannot end without significant results. The Parisian workmen have said, in their rude fashion, 'Henceforth there is to be war between the workingmen and the priests,' and the utterance will find echo in Italy and elsewhere, so long as the Catholic church maintains its present hostility to all that the masses in the European cities aspire to. Coupled with the religious agitation now going on in Germany, Belgium, Austria and Italy, this savage challenge to the blood-stained and tyrannical papacy, bodes ill for the continuance of the popes in even their present power. Most likely the revolution, now in its first stages, will go on until the religious institutions of Europe are as radically changed as its political aspect was by the first French revolution."

These priests were held as *hostages* for captive Communists, and as those prisoners of the Versailles government were slaughtered; the putting to death of the priests was an act of retaliation, justifiable under the horrid code of war. The Commune was refused quarter, and when conquered, thousands of workingmen, women and children were butchered by *machine artillery* for having rebelled against the oppression of priests, tyrants, and masters. The vengance of Christian capitalists made a morgue of Paris.

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A. A. WHEELOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—*Paul.*

"RESOLVED, *That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us.*"

☞ **Understand It.**—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheelock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

AN ADVANCE MOVEMENT!

With more satisfaction than we can readily find words to express, do we announce to our readers and friends that we have completed arrangements to commence the *weekly publication* of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Jan. 1st, 1872.

We promised this result from the first, as soon as the financial prospects of the paper would admit of it. With the cheering prospect of enlarging the influence and usefulness of our paper; the pleasure of visiting our present readers, and probably thousands of new ones, every week; and the fact that we long ago banished from our vocabulary all such silly words as *fail*,—induces us to say that our ADVANCE MOVEMENT simply means SUCCESS!

The friends and patrons of this journal, who have been its readers since our connection with it, well know the financial and other struggles through which it has come to its present position. Those upon whom the labor and burden of carrying the enterprise forward to success, realize it still more.

Though it may not be necessary to call the attention of our subscribers to the ceaseless toil incident to such a work as this, still it may do no harm to "stir their pure minds by way of remembrance" of the sacrifice which has already been made in time, labor and means, to make THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST what its friends desire to see it. Besides, we probably now have hundreds of readers who *know* very little about the life and death struggles through which this paper has passed—that it might reach its present enlarged, prosperous condition.

YOUR EARNEST ATTENTION, THEN, OLD FRIENDS AND NEW, WHILE WE STATE OUR CASE TO YOU FRANKLY AND PLAINLY.

Over two years since, we took charge of this paper. Called suddenly and unexpectedly to its management, we have fulfilled the promise then made to our readers, that we would enlarge and improve our publication, and as soon as the increase of our subscription list would justify, we should issue our paper weekly.

We well remember how timorous some of our best friends were, when we took hold of this enterprise. All seemed to doubt the possibility of establishing permanently a public journal advocating an unpopular cause, without money. Our money capital was too small to excite envy, jealousy or hope with the doubters. Although our paper, then half its present size, was but a dollar a year—to be on the safe side,—many subscribed for three months only, while some more courageous ventured to risk it for six months! We rather suspect the doubts of our friends upon that point have all been removed. If they have not, we say now as then, "wait a little longer," and you shall see.

Succeeding in this enterprise, we have made two enlargements of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, so that it is now the largest Spiritualist paper published.

Having received assurances by the almost universal renewal of old subscribers, together with a continual and steady increase of new ones, that our paper is rapidly increasing in favor and circulation, we have determined to *publish it weekly after January 1st.*

Every reader of our paper should remember that this will DOUBLE OUR EXPENSES, and that they can only be met by a corresponding INCREASE in our circulation. How is this to be done? Every one of our readers should ask themselves seriously this question, and especially those earnest friends who have inquired many times during the past year, "when will THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST come to us every week?"

We answer the question, "how is the additional expense to be met," by asking *every one of our readers* to make it their ESPECIAL BUSINESS to get us, at least, ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER before Jan. 1st, 1872. Do we presume too much in making this request? Is not every reader of the SPIRITUALIST as anxious to have their paper visit them weekly as we can be? Ours the additional anxiety, labor and toil; our readers the additional pleasure, happiness and profit of having their paper every week!

This being the case, is not our request a most reasonable one, and will not our friends GO TO WORK AT ONCE? We believe they will.

We ask all to read carefully the great INDUCEMENTS we offer for subscribers to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST for 1872. Our paper, distinctly a Spiritualist journal, fearlessly discussing all questions of interest; presenting Phenomenal and Philosophical Spiritualism by writers of unrivalled ability, with an interesting foreign correspondence,—will be published at the exceeding low figure of $2.50 A YEAR! Our friends will not fail to see that this is a *reduction of present rates.*

The price now, issued twice a month, is $1.50 a year. If we doubled the cost—as we SHALL EXPENSES, by doubling the number of papers sent our subscribers in a year—we should require $3.00 a year, which is the usual price of weeklies of this size. But we not only propose to publish a paper weekly, a little larger than either the *Banner of Light* or the *R. P. Journal*, for $2.50 a year, but to all those who will subscribe for our paper for a year—before Jan 1st—we will send a copy of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY FOR ONE YEAR, FREE! The *Weekly* is a sixteen-page paper, the same form as the SPIRITUALIST, edited with marked ability, speaking out boldly on all reformatory questions of the day, and is admitted to be the ablest representative of the Woman's Rights movement; while the great and all-absorbing subjects of SOCIAL LIFE, POLITICS and FINANCE, are discussed with such vigor, originality of thought and soundness of logic, that it is challenging the attention of the world. These two papers—the subscription price of which would be, according to other papers of the same size, $6.00 per year—we shall furnish to all who subscribe before January 1st, for $2.50 for one YEAR!

Still greater inducements we offer! In consideration that the *Lyceum Banner*, the Children's Paper, was recently destroyed by the Chicago fire, we propose to send the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY*, and the *LYCEUM BANNER*, ONE YEAR, FOR $3.25!!

Certainly, if Spiritualists and radical free thinkers duly appreciate *our efforts* to spread this class of reading broadcast throughout the land, we shall have not less than 20,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN 1872!

One word more. Our friends and the friends of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, please remember, that in addition to our expenses in publishing our paper weekly, we have added a GREAT EXPENSE opening Branch Offices in *seven large Cities*, in order to better facilitate the rapidly increasing interests of our business.

If Spiritualists will respond as generously to our appeal, as we have been liberal in offering *unparalleled low rates* on subscription, we shall have no occasion to regret our ADVANCE MOVEMENT, in which we cordially invite all Spiritualists to join!

Jesus a Sinner!

Religions originating in the past—all more or less ideal—rest upon the testimonies of tradition. The credulous are the most devoted. In the ratio that knowledge increases, faith diminishes. Those who know the most believe the least. The conflict of the ages is upon us. The dead stoutly refusing to bury its dead, the mouldy yesterdays are in close battle array with the vigorous, out-pushing to-days. God or no God, Jesus or no Jesus, immortality or a dreamless nonenity—which?

This weird drama, involving the political, social and religious, is becoming deeply interesting. The tendency is towards the utilitarian. This speaking present, bristling with "whys" and insisting upon proofs, demands the practical and the substantial. All successful religious movements must poise themselves upon principles and point to facts—well-authenticated *facts*, as well as appeal to reason and sentiment. Men generally cultivate the reasoning and women the emotional side of religion.

Right balance evolves high moral power. Jesus, a gentle, beautiful and womanly man, was a religious Jew. All religious systems of the past had their sacraments. Baptism in some form has ever been considered a sacrament. That distinguished writer upon "religious beliefs," S. Baring Gould, M. A., says: "Baptismal ceremonials include all purifications. The idea that man is held back from perfect union with God by his imperfection, uncleanness, sin, is widely diffused and manifests its existence by water, blood, and fire baptisms."

The waters of the Ganges were believed to have a purifying effect. Under its rippling surface old and young were plunged. In Egypt, proud of her Nile, the dead were washed from their sins by Osiris; and accordingly, upon Sarcophagi, Osiris is represented pouring water upon candidates in a kneeling posture, just as they enter the land of shades. The Zend ceremonials of the Persians abound in the uses of baptismal waters to wash away sin. "Every purification," said Servius, "is made either with water, or with fire, or with air." Paul speaks of Israel as having been "baptized in the cloud and in the sea." Even the Romans practiced the rite of baptism; and Juvenal criticized and satirized those who sought to "wash away their sins by dipping their heads thrice in the Tiber." Jesus, a Palestinian Hebrew, born subject to the requirements of the Mosaic law, must needs be baptized for purification and the washing away of sin, according to the Israelitish understanding of the ordinance. But, if he was *not* a sinner, why should he have submitted to baptism by water? Matthew says: "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Mark assures us that, "John preached the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." And in this wilderness John baptized Jesus in Jordan. Therefore, as baptism was understood to be the "washing away of sin," it is clear that Jesus was a sinner! Nothing upon theological grounds could be more absurd than the baptism of a *saint*. Sinners, and sinners alone, were called upon to repent and submit to baptismal purifications, or the washing away of sins.

Many scriptural passages besides those recording the impulsive "scourging of the money-changers," and the rude "cursing of the fig-tree," point to the imperfections and sins of Jesus. The apostolic assurance that he should "come the second time wit

out sin unto salvation," has some reference, at least, to his *first* coming as the "child that grew and waxed strong"—the child both of promise and pre-natal tendencies. "Call not thou me *good*," said the Nazarene, "none is good but one, and that is God." Good and evil are relationally opposite, evil being synonymous with imperfection and sin.

The New Testament further declares that Jesus "learned obedience by the things he suffered." Obedience is the most effectually learned by disobedince. The child learns to keep the finger from the candle by first burning it. The suffering consequent upon violated law, is teaching both severe and sound. Some can seemingly learn in no other school. "He was made perfect," writes an apostle, "through suffering." The phrase, "made perfect," implies previous imperfection, and imperfection is sin. He was also called the "first begotten from the dead;"—but how begotten from the dead unless *himself* once dead in trespasses and sins?"

From the recorded textual teachings that Jesus refused to be called "good"; that he scourged the money-changers; that he cursed a fig-tree; that he learned obedience; that he was made perfect; that he went to John to be baptized of him in Jordan, as did other Syrian sinners from Jerusalem and all Judea, "confessing their sins"; there is no other legitimate inference than that he was a *sinner*—our elder brother and fellow sinner, Jesus, touched with our infirmities!"

Mark well—we have been treating of Joshua, the carpenter's son, whose name, when Grecianized, became Jesus. Not a word have we written of Jesus Christ. This opens a new chapter. The word Christ signifies the Messianic, the anointed, the consecrated. Christ, or the Christ-principle, is divine. After Jesus was baptized, confessing his sins, the "heavens were opened" and the Christ spirit from the heaven of the Christ angels descended upon him, and a voice came saying, "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Now we have Jesus Christ "our exampler," who ministered true love and sympathy. The sermon on the Mount stands out unequalled. Its burden is blessings; its inspiration love. To love those who love us is simply reciprocity, and may be prompted alone by policy. But to love our enemies—to love and do good to those who hate us, is principle, is Christ-like. Thanks, then, be unto Christ, who giveth us the victory.

"Can we ever Work Together?"

If men are really in earnest, their lives will be living epistles, requiring no props or flattering recommendations. Can "radical Spiritualists, christian Spiritualists, and Free-Religionists, in any way work together?" asks a Spiritualist infected with halting, tremulous proclivities. Certainly. What a contemptible notion that we must work with none unless they are cut, hewn, chiseled, and labelled "My doxy!" Bigotry is base enough anywhere, but when it crops out from the brain of a Spiritualist it is disgraceful. From canting sectarists, theological scavengers, and churchal rag-pickers, "good Lord, deliver us!" Spiritualism is the living Gospel of all time. Its altars ever glow with the fires of heaven. Its baptisms are daily inspirations. Its eucharists are love, charity, and good-will to men. Among its priests and priestesses in the past were such heaven-inspired souls as Pythagoras and Plato, Socrates and Jesus, Apollonius, Swedenborg, and George Fox; Joan of Arc and Ann Lee. These were ministers at the shrine of advancing religious truths. The world has *such* to-day, who walk the earth with bleeding feet. The angels know them, and the future will do them justice.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou will fill a few engagements in Ohio and vicinity, if application is made at once. Her address for the present is Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Woodhull's Message.

We print this week the memorable Message of the President of the American Association of Spiritualists, and which the Board of Trustees adopted at their late meeting. It came too late for our last issue. It is a document of extraordinary interest, and marks an epoch in the history of the Association. We bespeak for it the careful consideration of every thoughtful mind in our ranks. It is reformatory and revolutionary in the best sense—its issues being practically vital to the welfare of humanity. The over brooding of the spiritual heavens and the communion between the two worlds, must result in outcomes of practical import, or essentially fail in its distinctive purpose—the amelioration of the masses and the uplifting of all human kind. B.

Dedication of Spiritualists' Hall at Morenci, Mich.

A press of matter prevented our publishing an account of the grand two day's meeting held at the above place in October, which we attended, and upon which occasion the neat, new Hall erected by the zeal, energy and benevolence of Bro. Horatio N. Wilson was for the first time occupied.

Morenci is a pleasant little village, located about ten miles south of Clayton Station, and so close to the Michigan and Ohio state line, that full one half of the large audience who attended the meeting were from Ohio. When we reached the Hall the meeting was in progress, having been organized in the forenoon by the appointment of our staid and staunch Quaker friend, S D. Moore, of Adrain, as Chairman. Gladly, and to our surprise, we there found that venerable Iconoclast, advanced and heroic worker in the field of reform—Father Woodworth. Years have swiftly passed since we met our aged friend, and glad indeed were we to see that he still stood erect with the weight of years upon him, while his voice, though a little tremulous, was gladly heard in this meeting, as in many others, earnestly and eloquently pleading for the progress of humanity—the uplifting and carrying forward the white banner of truth!

Here, too, we met and listened again, as years before it was our pleasure, to our old friend Mrs. Fowler, of Wellsville,—an excellent and well known speaker in that part of Michigan—whose inspirations and soundness of logic still charms all who are so favored as to hear her. Also, Mrs. E. B. Hoag, a trance speaker, employed every Sunday in this part of Michigan, speaking with general acceptance, at different points, having a family that requires her attention during the week. Other speakers and mediums were present, whose names we do not now recall, who joined in the general exercises of the meeting, giving variety and especial interest to the conferences.

Bro. S. D. Moore, our worthy friend and Chairman of the meeting, made several short and pertinent speeches of an eminently practical character, hitting the prevalent and wide-spread curse of tobacco using in any form, square on the head. The foul habit received some heavy blows from our earnest, reformatory, Quaker-educated brother. The young people present seemed especially interested in the excellent advice given them.

Afternoon of the second day, we delivered the dedicatory address—subject, "Spiritualism the Master Builder,"—which was preceded by the reading of a very appropriate original poem, read by Mrs E. B. Hoag, written for the occasion by her husband. We did hope to publish it, but its great length and the crowded state of our columns, make it impractical.

Every session of the meeting during the day was very largely attended, while the hall was filled to its utmost capacity each evening. What called so many people together, and many of them from a distance of ten, fifteen and twenty miles, willingly giving the time of two laboring days? Is any man so foolish as to suppose mere idle curiosity or love of trickery could do it? We doubt if all the churches in Morenci should unite to get up a religious meeting simply, they could get together one half that number on a week day.

During our stay we were made happy and comfortable at the pleasant home of Bro. H. N. Wilson. We could but rejoice with him and his noble-hearted wife that the meeting proved such a success. Bro. Wilson and wife were formerly sincere, zealous Methodists. While members of the church, Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by her husband, undertook the perilous task of a Christian missionary among the Indians! Their benevolent hearts moving them to works of greater charity and love, they opened, about the beginning of the late civil war, a "home" for orphans, at Battle Creek, Mich. Between thirty and forty orphans were fed, clothed and educated, by these generous souls; not as Methodists, however, but as *humanitarians* they performed this noble work. They had "learned a more excellent way," on coming to Battle Creek, for under the inspirations of the grand truths of the Spiritual Philosophy their benevolence found a broader scope than could be possibly reached or realized within the limited, cramped, pent-up confines of the Methodist discipline; in fact, in such a work they could not be sectarian, and hence became Spiritualists upon receiving satisfactory evidence of the communion of spirits.

Returning to Morenci, their former residence and where most of their relatives reside, the fact that they were Spiritualists caused many a pious church member to turn up their Christian nose at them with a sneer, and even relatives joined the ostracising crew to attempt to coerce them to abandon their Spiritualism! So determinedly did the pious bigots of this little town of Morenci push the christian practice of ostracising those who differed with them, especially Spiritualists, that not only have these generous friends suffered social martyrdom for three years past, but every place where public lectures on that subject and others—not strictly Orthodox—could be held, were *closed* against such speakers and their friends!

Under these circumstances, Bro W. determined to move away from Morenci, or build a Free Hall! where the tyranny of churchianity could not be practiced under the glossing, high-sounding, pious pretense of religion! No sooner was this great and noble work commenced, than the "lying prophets" of the church, and their croakers, said: "The man is crazy; he will lose his property and come to want; he will never succeed in building that Hall," etc. But to the everlasting credit and honor of Bro. Horatio N. Wilson, be it recorded, read and remembered, that he went quietly forward, and, with his own means, unaided by others, though nobly seconded by his true-hearted, generous wife,—has built a comfortable, pleasant, roomy Hall, which has been dedicated with a full attendance by the people, whose presence in such numbers seemed to say to Bro. Wilson: "Well done, thou good and FAITHFUL MAN; enter thou into the joy of thy works!

The Hall has been built and dedicated, and filled with people for two days! Bro. Wilson and his good wife live in a most comfortable new brick house, with plenty to eat and drink, manifesting a most generous, genuine hospitality—as all will find who are ever so fortunate as to tarry under their roof.

In conclusion, we ask speakers to keep this point in mind, on your way East and West, as this Hall must not stand idle. A word to the Spiritualists in Morenci and vicinity;—you owe it to Bro. Wilson, the cause and yourselves, to see to it that regular speaking is had in that Hall twice a month the year round. Hoping soon to be able to respond to the earnest solicitations of many friends at Morenci, to lecture again, I continue your earnest co-laborer in the cause.

A. A. W.

TO "SILVER-HAIR."

FROM PINKIE.

Dear "Silver-Hair," from over the waters whose white, singing waves
Are touching the sands at your feet,
I am greeting you now, and an offering would bring
From our Summer-Land, fragrant and sweet.

There are blossoms from Memory, fadeless and pure,
That bloom'd in the long-ago time;
They were brought me by one who is loving you best,
To twine in my poor, simple rhyme.

Forget-me-nots, too, in my offering are seen,
Cull'd fresh from her true loving heart;
Their beauty and sweetness are speaking to you
Of a love that can never depart.

The sweet clover blossoms of Life's early day,
The daisies and sweet meadow bloom,
Have each their part in memory's fond wreath,
And we bring them to brighten your room.

The walls are all glist'ning with Love's off'rings,
Their fragrance the breath of a prayer,
And tender hands softly are touching your brow—
Caressing your white silver hair.

Should your bark drift away from the moorings of Time,
You shall see through the white shining spray,
The dear faces lit by a love that's divine,
As you drift in the shadows away.

The veil shall be rent ere leaving the shore,
Your ears shall be opened as well;
You shall see the dear faces of those gone before,
You shall hear the sweet welcoming bell.

No darkness and gloom shall shadow the way,
For a glorious sunrise shall spring
O'er your pathway, to guide you along the glad way,
And your spirit in triumph shall sing.

Oh, "Silver-Hair," hasten, we're waiting for you,
Here cometh no sorrow or pain;
Up here in God's vineyard there's work you can do,
And no effort is ever in vain.

But I know I must leave you to linger awhile
Where the shadows of sunset must fall,
But the clouds shall be lighted by Love's sunny smile,
And your spirit shall oft hear our call.

God bless you, dear "Silver-Hair," patiently wait—
He meaneth each trial for good,
And *I* faithfully wait by Life's golden gate
To bear you your freedom, from God.

White Plains, N. Y., Sept., 1871.

[A. A. W.—The above lines were given for Mr. A. C. Hannum, a few days previous to his departure from earth-life, by the little Indian spirit "Pinkie," through the mediumship of Mrs. N. C. Maynard; and thinking many of Mr. H's friends would like to read the same in print, I copy them for your paper, just as I took them down at the time they were given, at the home of Mrs. M., in White Plains, N. Y.—C. H. M.]

Piety and Fraud Unite in Opposing Spiritualism.

PROFESSING CHRISTIANS RESORT TO DECEPTION, LYING AND FALSE SWEARING TO ACCOMPLISH IT! —THEY ARE DETECTED AND EXPOSED!

We have often had our attention called to the shameful, dishonest course pursued by professing Christians, in their silly and vain attempts to oppose and put down the rising and constantly increasing power of Spiritualism.

As a sample of what dishonest Christians will do, we cite the efforts of a pious young man, nearly "sanctified," assisted by a certain godly Methodist and leading member of that church, known as Dr.——both of Matamora, Ohio, who undertook the pious job, of counterfeiting the beautiful tests now given to humanity by spirits, in presenting the well-known features of departed friends, in visible form, as seen in the so-called "spirit pictures," secured by many persons, through the mediumship of W. H. Mumler, 170, West Springfield street, Boston, Mass.

It appears that these Methodist saints had two objects in view in undertaking this holy work: one to bring Spiritualism into disrepute in Matamora, because they had not brains to comprehend it, or argument with which to meet its claims; the other, to secure the bet of $60, which this youthful, gambling Christian young man had made with one Peter Wolben, a Spiritualist, and, of course, in their godly eyes, an unregenerate sinner, deserving a first class hell-fire scorching, granted the while only the undesirable privilege of snuffing brimstone for amusement!

What particular part of the teachings of Christ, these pretended followers of his, may claim instructs or justifies them in zealously engaging in the popular amusement of sinners—obtaining money by a common practice of gambling and betting, we know not, but this was quite apparent—the itching palms of these devout Christians were aching to get hold of the $60, to such an extent that deception and dishonesty were deliberately resorted to by them to secure that much "filthy lucre," as a photograph now in our possession, plainly shows what these dishonest scoundrels and professed Christians undertook to do.

By the kindness of Mr. Wolben, whom we met at Morenci, Mich., at the dedication of the Spiritualists' new Hall, generously built by Bro. Wilson, we first learned of these model Christians, and were promised the photograph which we now have, and which, instead of proving "spirit pictures" to be a humbug, which these Methodist Christians bet $60 it would do, proves most conclusively how they tried to get the money by deceiving and lying—the said pious Dr.——not hesitating to take an *oath*, we understand Peter Wolben to affirm, that the picture was a genuine "spirit picture" when he *knew better*, as the bogus picture abundantly proves.

The following letter from Peter Wolben, a much respected and old resident of Matamora, O., fully exposes the villainy of these Christians.

MATAMORA, OHIO, Oct., 1871.

A. A. WHEELOCK:

Dear Sir—I will give you a small part of my religious experience. When a boy ten years old I was poor and looked for my own living, and spent the most of my time with so-called Christians, and they made one of me and pronounced me a good one. I became a deaconin the Dutch Reformed Church and served fifteen years in succession, believing in their dogmas about heaven and hell.

But when I got out of the church I soon learned better. I used to thank that wrathy God for every thing, and especially that I was not like my neighbors. I saw so much deception and dishonesty while in the church that I came to doubt a future existence; but as soon as my conditions became so that spirits could commune with me, soon learned that human life does not cease with this earth. I have been a Spiritualist for about eighteen years.

Now, I am not a *believer* in Spiritualism, but I *know* that I shall have a future existence whether the Christian's revengeful god is willing or not. I was put in deacon of the church before I was twenty-one, and served over fifteen years in succession, so you must know that I was regarded a good Christian.

Now, in regard to the picture which you will find in this letter, it was got up to kill Spiritualism in Matamora, but it hurt those who got it up more than it has Spiritualism. They call themselves *Christians*, and they took this way—perhaps they think it the "narrow way"—to make me a Christian.

I am the only Spiritualist in this little village, and I think I am good for all that I claim. This picture was got up by George Young, Dr. Gilbert and F. Montgomery, of Matamora. Dr. Gilbert is a leading member in the Methodist church; he is the one in the picture you see standing up disguised with his arm over his face, for fear that some one might know him. Then George Young claimed the bet, $60, of me. I refused to pay it because I knew it was a fraud. Then Dr. Gilbert made oath it was genuine, before he knew the result, thinking to help George Young to get $60 out of me. But they did not get the money. They soon found I saw through their knavery. I think $60 too small a sum to induce even such a devout Christian as Dr. Gilbert to take another such an oath, and place himself in such a position before community. I think they have got all they can digest at present, and I hope when your paper comes they will have another good dose.

Your are at liberty to use my name and make such use of this letter as you see fit.

PETER WOLBEN.

Certainly no more evidence is required to show the vile and accursed influence this modern, hypocritical Christianity has in debauching and utterly depraving the moral sentiment of men. Like the early Church Fathers, who Eusebius tells us, "openly taught that *lying* was justifiable if only done in the *interest of the Church*," these modern, revival shouting Christians, who are generally only too willing to "stand up for Jesus," as it gives a better opportunity to deceive their neighbors, are daily exemplifying the fact, that modern Christianity is the creation of priestcraft and hypocricy, and has no more connection with pure, undefiled natural religion, than a highwayman has with honor and honesty.

The day is not far distant, when *Professing Christianity*, (now simply a name for either ignorance or dishonesty,) will be entirely abandoned, and even that silly misnomer, "Liberal Christian," will no longer be used. Honesty and intelligence are commendable. A liberal *man* or *woman* deserves respect, but a *Christian* of any sort, is a nondescript utterly useless for man or God in this world or the next.

A. A. W.

Mrs. Woodhull in Baltimore.

In contrast with the contemptible course of slandering a noble woman, pursued by a portion of the press, (and we are happy to notice only a very small portion now have the impudence to engage in this dirty business,) is the following fair and candid notice in the Baltimore *American*, of Mrs. Woodhull's lecture in that city:

MRS. WOODHULL'S LECTURE.

Victoria C. Woodhull, the candidate of the Equal Rights party for the Presidency of the United States, lectured last night at the Masonic Temple, having as her subject "The Great Political Issue."

Despite the inclemency of the weather there was a good audience assembled to listen to Mrs. Woodhull's effort, and judging from the manner in which it was received, she made a good impression upon those who were present. Her lecture was prefaced by a song entitled "Equal Rights," sang by a choir of young ladies and gentlemen, with organ accompaniment. While the song was being sung, Mrs. Woodhull came upon the platform and took a seat near the stand from which she was to speak. She was neatly attired in plain, rich walking dress of blue broadcloth, trimmed with narrow strip of black satin. The over-skirt was of the same material and trimming, and was cut so as to embrace both jacket and skirt. This was put on like a coat, belted at the waist and secured at the neck with a tiny neck-tie, while the entire front was left open *a la militaire*, revealing a shirt bosom of snowy whiteness. A small bouquet was tangled with the fastenings at the neck, and in a button-hole just below, an unostentatious gold chain was secured, which were the only ornaments worn. Her hair is cut short and combed back from a well developed forehead, revealing an expression of countenance at once intelligent and pleasing, and a clear, sparkling eye added its lustre to the combination. At 8 o'clock p. m. she was introduced to the audience and received with applause.

After stating that it was an honest zeal that influenced her to appear in public as a champion of "human rights," she gave a history of her connection with the female suffrage movement before Congress last winter, and then began the discussion of those propositions that were forcibly presented by her in her memorial to Congress. In relation to her being a candidate for the Presidency, she said:

Because I have announced a new party and myself as a candidate for the next Presidency, I am charged with being influenced by an unwarrantable ambition. Though this is scarcely the place for the introduction of a privileged question, I will, however, take this occasion to at once and for all time state I have no personal ambition whatever. All that I have done I did because I believed the interests of humanity would be advanced thereby. Had I been ambitious to become the next President I should have proceeded very differently to accomplish it. I did announce myself as a candidate, and this simple fact has done a great work in compelling people to

ask: And why not? This service I have rendered women at the expense of any ambition I might have had, which is apparent if the matter be but candidly considered.

Mrs. Woodhull spoke clearly and distinctly, and treated her subject with much ability. Her air upon the rostrum is full of ease and grace, and her lecture was, so far as ability is concerned, a success.

Foreign Correspondence.

Editors American Spiritualist:

I send you a copy of to-day's London *Telegraph*, in which you will see a summary of Mr. Crooke's investigations. Query—Why does Mr. Crookes claim the honor of discovering and naming the "psychic force," which we have known so long? However, Mr. C. is doing Spiritualism immense service, for "Englishmen can understand an experiment when everything else fails," as is curiously enough observed by a French writer in another paper of to-day. Therefore, I hear these experiments discussed, and the facts adduced acknowledged and accepted, in the coffee-house where I ate my lunch to-day. Only wait, and I think Englishmen will astonish Americans yet, in revenge for Americans being the first to announce Spiritualism. It is certain that the Harmonial philosophy, as taught by American writers, is being widely diffused in this country, and spiritual manifestations are rapidly increasing.

Our mutual friend, James Burns, is busy as ever. His book trade is continually improving.

THOMAS REEVES.

London, England.

Much Esteemed Bro. Peebles:

Through the kindness of a friend, I have just received a copy of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST of July 1st. As I am about to fix my residence in this town, I beg you, henceforth, to send your paper to me here, instead of sending it to Florence.

I thank you for noticing my "Appeal" in your paper; but you must allow me to say that the questions proposed by your friend have been answered, over and over again, in the writings of the Spiritist school, and that it is hardly reasonable in him to expect that I, or any one else, should consent to write a book on purpose for him. If he would take the trouble to study our books, he would find all his difficulties answered, all his doubts removed. The doctrine of re-incarnation implies the pre-existence of the soul, and forms part of an entire system of Cosmogony, as well as of Philosophy; and this system must be studied, *as a whole*, by those who wish to form a correct judgment in regard to any part of it. The very tenor of your friend's questions proves that he has not yet studied even the "A B C" of our doctrine. If he had done so, he would have learned, among other things, that no one can repudiate the idea of accepting any statement on any other ground than that of reason, more strenuously than do Allen Kardec and his followers. But individual minds are not all at the same level of advancement; and if the Providence of God makes use of certain more advanced minds, as the vehicle of teachings of a higher order than the average of human minds are capable of arriving at for themselves, shall we not gratefully accept such a help to our progress?

Spiritists accept the writings of Allen Kardec *because* those writings furnish acceptable explanations of the great problems of Life and Destiny such as no other theory has been able to give; for Spiritists, of all people, would be the first to disclaim the idea of admitting the validity of any other "authority" than that of superiority of intrinsic excellence.

Hoping soon to receive your paper at the address given below, I remain your affectionate brother in the cause of Truth, G. PARISI.

Trieste, Italy, Aug. 8, 1871.

Voices of Correspondents.

WELLESLY, MASS.—"*Dear Friend Wheelock:* I have received and read your 'New Departure,' and cannot imagine why any clear-headed, sound-hearted Spiritualist should object to it. The suggestions contained in it are eminently practical and suited to the needs of the times. I know of no society whose usefulness would not be quadrupled by carrying them out. * * WM. DENTON."

Editors of American Spiritualist:

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.— * "I am glad to hear of your safe return to this country, and hope your earnest voice may long be heard, calling humanity to come up higher. This is the angel dispensation, and the 'second coming' is with us. I am speaking this September month in East Saginaw. May you and the other conductors of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST prosper in 'basket and store.' H. P. FAIRFIELD."

CINCINNATI, O— * * "I heartily thank you for your kind words and for your suggestions as to the South. I was born and reared in the South, and as early as 1854 visited New Orleans, as a medium. Again, in 1857, I spoke in Louisville. Memphis, New Orleans, Galveston and Houston, so that I can cordially endorse all you say about the social kindnesses of the Southerners. I am to follow you in Louisville. How vast the field is! I am glad to see both by European and American papers that you have been successful in your efforts, in the dissemination of the blessed and beautiful principles of Spiritualism. We toil with bleeding feet, but crowns await us. THOMAS GALES FORSTER."

ST. JOSEPH MO.— * * "We are on the move again, as you will see by the date of this epistle. I like St. Joseph exceedingly, and I also like the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST; it is free from sensation, manly in tone, and does not descend to personalities. I hope and trust you will be able to visit this city before long, and give us some lectures. When can you come? Accept my thanks for your favorable notice.

"DANIEL WHITE."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.— * * "Our lecture season begins well. Mr. Lynn is stopping at our house. He gave us two excellent lectures on Sunday. I am glad we selected him to open our course. HENRY CHILD, M. D."

RICHMOND, IND.— * * "The 'Haunted House' is a reality. The noises consist mostly of the pleading voice of a woman, sometimes clearly audible, begging for mercy; and again an agonizing shriek that would make the blood of a demon run cold. Then the sound of a scuffle, mingled with the piteous voice of the woman, and the hoarse, gruff voice of a man,—screaming, then dying away as though in the agonies of a violent death. The sounds are mostly heard in a stable. The woman often appears, so that all can see her both in the house and the adjoining grounds. The facts are *indisputable*. I shall visit it again and report further.

"SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D."

WEST WINFIELD, N. Y.— * * "When conversing with you at the Troy National Convention, you took my address and promised to write to me, when you could come and lecture for us, since which I have heard nothing from you. * * The interest in liberal thought and Spiritualism is continually increasing. The truth is mighty. E. F. BEELES, M D."

"NEW YORK.— * * "I spent the balance of the afternoon in visiting the celebrated Miss King, who has traveled the wide world over without a guide. Her collection of curiosities is wonderful. In the evening we went to Mr. Forster's lecture hall, and heard an able discourse. It was quite Darwinian. Mr. Waters saw J. V. Mansfield opposite us. Calling upon him the next day, we received some remarkable tests. Those of Mr. W. were of a private nature, and perfectly satisfactory. He is a new man, and perfectly happy in his spiritual belief. Dr Slade is doing a great work in convincing skeptics. The good work goes on.

CHARLES SUES.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.— * * "Welcome again to our shores, brother of the "mystic tie." Just on the eve of starting with our honored friend, A. B. Bradford, for the Troy Convention of Spiritualists, was telegraphed to go to Washington. This deprived us of meeting you, and others of the 'household of faith' The angels will be with you all, and I hope for the purpose of accomplishing something practical. Spiritualism, to prosper in the future, must take broad, high grounds for reform and culture. * * I am with you in spirit, and when the world is delivered from bondage, error and wrong, we will all sing hosanna together—aye, more. I will join you in heavenly dances, and show you that in my Quaker "tripping of the light fantastic toe," I am at least your peer. MILO A. TOWNSEND."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Enclosed find $5, for the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. I hope your paper is gaining in circulation; it certainly increases in interest, and richly merits success. The position you occupy, dear brother, is one of responsibility and toil, and I doubt not you and your earnest companion ofttimes long for the rest of the higher life. God and angels bless all such faithful laborers, is ever the prayer of my soul! Toil on, ye martyr reformers of this nineteenth century, for your efforts and sufferings are uprearing a vast temple, wherein, in the coming future, each builder will be permitted to recognize the result of the work now performed amid so much conflict and discouragement. It was my privilege to listen, last evening, to the inspirations of our youthful champion, Cephas B. Lynn, whose soul seems all aglow for the spread and interests of our divine philosophical religion. His subject —"Demonstration vs. Assertion"—was most ably handled. With earnest wishes for your prosperity, I remain, in the freedom of a common altar fire, your friend and sister,

"CAROLINE A. GRIMES."

CINCINNATI, O.—"I thank you for your friendly letter just received. It found me cleaning shells, gathered yesterday and Saturday from the Ohio River. This is the choncologists and naturalist's harvest time in this branch of natural history, for the Ohio River has not been in such favorable condition to collect her gems for twelve years, as now. But I stop a few moments from the pleasant magnetism your letter has inspired, to talk with one I love in truth and spirit. My love of nature beginning in early life, has made me very progressive in all my views, thoughts and feelings, for the truths drawn from her inspired volume have endowed me with the sensitive inspiration of impressibility and intuitive perceptions; consequently, I see and feel the attractive or repelling conditions surrounding me, and the harmonious and inharmonious elements of human character. Among the so-called Spiritualists here, there will, of necessity, be a clearing out or overhauling like that now in progress with the Tammany ring in New York. Though *that* is of a political character, the other requires weeding as a religious or spiritualistic body. Prejudice and selfiishness predominate, consequently I am repelled from the lecture hall by this unpleasant magnetism, and I find congeniality in nature. Yesterday, while rambling along the shallow beach in the North-eastern part of the city, in company with two well known naturalists, I felt myself attended by a considerable number of Indian youths and maidens, and many invisible young spirits with their feminine teachers, deriving instruction through me. The greatest and grandest event occurring in Cincinnati is the great Industrial Exposition, which closed its triumphant success on Saturday, the 7th of Oct,—the day that I entered on my 66th year—and I can with heartfelt freedom repeat some of the lines of Whittier on his birthday:

'Light shines upon me from above,
Low voices speak within;
The patience of immortal love,
Out-wearying mortal sin.

"Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame:

"The years no charm from Nature takes
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

"Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

"Nor mindful of the growing years,
Of care, and loss, and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

"As ever, thine fraternally,

"D. H. SHAFFER."

Signor Damiani, a scholar and gentleman, descending from an old Ducal family of the Sicilies, is after the English Thomsons, in rhyme. They are both violent opposers of Spiritualism. Sir Wm. Thomson attempts to account for the existence of man on this planet by germ cells riding hither upon some meteor from the starry spaces; hence the following from Damiani:

Sir William says all things that are
Must have come on Earth from a cracked-up star;
Prof Allen swears that prejudice old
Is better than *facts*—a hundred-fold.
If William's theory be truly a boon,
May not Allen have come from the Moon?

Clifton, Aug. 28th 1871.

J. M. Peebles' Life,

OR THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

This elegantly bound volume of over 300 pages, with a fine steel engraving of Mr. Peebles, published by Wm White & Co., Boston, Mass., is for sale at this office. Price, $1.50. The *Banner of Light*, reviewing it, says:

A popular biography of James M. Peebles, known to all Spiritualists and reformers throughout the world, is now to be found in a handsome volume called "The Spiritual Pilgrim," by J. O. Barrett. Its motto on the title-page is: "My name is Pilgrim; my religion is Love; my home is the Universe; my soul-effort is to educate and elevate Humanity." It is prefaced with a fine, speaking likeness of Bro. Peebles, and has an introduction by Emma Hardinge, friendly and eloquent as might be expected. The table of contents sketches the features of a varied and busy life, more or less eventful, every part of which is crowned with success. There is the story of his school-days; of his "getting religion" and entering upon the "ministry"; of his acquaintance with the spirits and his subsequent steps to mental and spiritual emancipation; and, following the chain along by its shining links, of his trip to California and what he said and did there; of his "going to the wars" for a few months; of his mediumship; and thence forward over a career that has made his name a household word in every quarter of the country.

His active life as a lecturer is depicted very faithfully, and his character portrayed under the countless trials he was summoned to experience. Then comes his appointment as a foreign consul, and a full account of his life in the East, with his impressions of Naples, Rome and Florence; likewise his work in England, where he made large accessions of friends. The farewell in London fitly closes this most attractive and instructive narrative. All Spiritualists will want to read the life of so remarkable a man, who has performed such wide and permanent service for the holy cause he was divinely led to espouse. Few individuals have worked as earnestly, singly and efficiently for any cause, as Mr. Peebles has worked for Spiritualism; and this faithful record of his life, by a devoted friend, should be sold and read by the tens of thousands of copies.

Another Failure.

Just as we go to press, a fresh No. of the *Crucible* comes to our table. We regret to chronicle the sad failure of our Bro. Moses, in attempting to put our "New Departure" into his melting pot. We want to whisper to you, Moses: the obvious reason why you could not get it in—*the pot is too small.*

Now don't get excited because you have "something on hand too large for" your melting pot, or for you "to deal with." Go slow, Moses, and we will give you some more information in due time.

It has always been a pleasure for us to assist ambitious boys, and even older persons out of their trouble, who were befogged with *plain statements*, like those in that report. Be patient and try again, Bro. Moses. A. A. W.

One of the effects of the Chicago fire was to unintentionally drive from our mind all mention of the fact that our associate, Mr. E. S. Wheeler, who was for a long time connected with the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, has accepted the position of Associate Editor of the *Present Age*, which we understand is determined to reissue with renewed energy. Mr. Wheeler, as our readers are well aware, is abundantly calculated to materially assist any paper which employs his versatile, yet radical pen. Success to him wherever he goes A. A. W.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,

THE "COMING WOMAN!"

WILL LECTURE IN

CLEVELAND, FRIDAY EV'G, NOV. 24th,

AT CASE HALL,

ON FINANCE!

Is God Responsible for the Chicago Fire.

BY GEO. A. BACON.

There is a class of Christians in every community, besotted with bigotry and prejudice, who seize with avidity upon every event, and in the light of their ignorance—sufficient for all occasions—clearly discern the mysteries of God's dealings, and trace with minute distinctness the marvelous manifestations of His handiwork. With a spontaneity unlimited as it is conceited and impious, they are first to declare, on the occurrence of anything unusual, "Behold the judgment of God!" probably clinching every point with a more or less apt quotation from the Bible, which seems, according to their notions, at least, to settle the matter beyond all question. These purblind servants of superstition have reveled over the recent acts of the fire fiend in Chicago, as an opportunity altogether too golden for them not to improve; and so, with the instinct of savages on the trail, they have assumed to be specially authorized to declare the entire why and wherefore of this baptism of fire. Thus we have read in several so-called religious papers, which make every pretension to be intelligent, that the recent unprecedented conflagration in this country, was occasioned by the wickedness of Chicago, the fire being sent as a punishment for its manifold sins.

Don't question it, reader, for here are a number of legitimate quotations from the aforesaid press. Among other reasons given are "that Sunday papers had been cried and sold by the newsboys at the doors of the churches, up to the hour of service; and the arguments used to obtain advertisements, in Sunday morning editions, that there were more readers of the sunday papers than of any other edition of the week; that tippling shops were kept open on Sunday, in defiance of the State laws and the laws of God—all of which were intended as an insult to the Lord of the Sabbath:"

May not God have spoken in a voice that cannot be misunderstood, and in a language that cannot be misinterpreted, as He spoke of old to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, by the Prophet Jeremiah—(27: 27.) "But if ye will not hearken to me to hallow the Sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched."

May not this be literally applied to Chicago? Will the "people learn righteousness when the judgments of the Lord are abroad in the land?"

"The lesson should be one of warning to the people of the land, to turn from all unrighteousness, lest a worse punishment befall them."

"The city was full of hell fire, as well as earth fire. The Sabbath was a day of sinful pleasures and business. These universally raging fires made this fire a necessity"

"The mercy of God stayed the devouring element and saved the city from utter destruction. The rain which finally came was in answer to the fervent prayers of his people—a special interposition of Divine Providence." &c.

The names of the papers and of the editors from which the above extracts are taken, can be given to any one desiring them. They are representative organs of different branches of Orthodoxy. Hand in hand with these sentiments are the published figures of millions of dollars yearly contributed by this class of Christians to extend these same theological falsities "to the farthest Ind."

What waste of expenditure, when missionaries are so much needed at home! Where else is the field so ripe and white for the harvest? What a worse than pagan conception of Deity must these benighted Christians have, to regard an Infinite Parent, the All-Merciful, and Author of Humanity—whatever collocation of words are employed to embody or express the idea of God—as capable of being thus swayed by such childish passions and animosities. More than "passing strange," it is, indeed, the most stupenduous anomaly of the age, that cultured minds, logical in all secular matter, refuse to realize that the legitimate consequences of such teaching is inevitably toward diabolism, that, in fact, it practically enthrones an Infinite Devil in lieu of a Supreme Benignant Intelligence. The commonest principles of reason cannot be further travestied than thus to attribute to the Eternal One, whose primal characteristic knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning; who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, a nature not above ordinary human grossness! The acme of stultification is reached.

Spirit Portrait Gallery—Patron Wanted.

Editor American Spiritualist:

I wish to reach, through the columns of your excellent paper, some one who would like to associate themselves with me in the matter of spirit portraits, and to present them to the world, in order that the greatest good may come from them.

I am producing an average of twenty per month, life size, in groups and singly. Some are recognized as friends of parties present; some are the direct fulfilment of orders received for portraits; some are faithful likenesses of men and women of notoriety, and many are unrecognized. As it seems to be my forte to produce them, while I am powerless to tell anything further concerning their identity. This work attracts a great deal of attention wherever I go, and the common expression is, "how much good would come if these portraits could be put in a gallery, where thousands could see them, and how many would be recognized by such a plan." Such sentiments, expressed so often, have induced me to write this article.

It seems very clear that if a collection of, say, one hundred spirit portraits were to be seen in Cleveland, every Spiritualist that passed through there would desire to visit them and see if some dear face could not be seen, as well as from curiosity to know what was being done in this line; and it is clear that if the spirits could know that every one that succeeded in controlling accurately, would have their portrait placed where it could be reached by the earthly eyes it was intended for, they would and could have order and system in their efforts to reach a recognition,—and consequently many portraits that are now doing no good, would kindle a fire not easily quenched.

It is clear that people would be glad to pay a fair price for the pleasure of seeing those interesting productions from the inner life; and as new portraits would be constantly added (almost daily,) the interest would never cease. I have *now* nearly one hundred, ready to begin with, and can add twenty per month, to say nothing about what may be had from other spirit artists.

I have certificates and communications from such solid men of veracity as Milton B. Delano, of South Barre, N. Y.; Henry Link, attorney at law, Little Falls, N. Y., and many others, testifying to having received *excellent* portraits of dear ones in spirit life, upon which "caste" can be immediately established for such an undertaking. I also have communications through the hands of the most celebrated test media—from Benj. West, Vandyck, Franklin, Payne and Theodore Parker, encouraging this work; have spirit portraits that have the genuine features and expressions of Theodore Parker, Thomas Payne, Daniel Webster, Fenelon, John Hancock, Washington, Benj. West, Anthony Vandyck, and others, to say nothing of the many portraits of women and children, drawn in many cases in interesting groups, not yet recognized. Also, a group nearly finished of Tecumseh, Red Jacket, Pocahontas, Powhattan and Black Hawk. This, alone, is enough to make the life blood of every true American thrill with delight, on beholding. Of this I wish to say more at some other time.

I hope to hear from some one in relation to this *new* step in the world's history. M. MILLESON.

Monroe, Mich., Oct. 28, 1871.

ATTENTION FRIENDS.

Those of our subscribers who are in AREARS must see the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY of our having EVERY DOLLAR DUE US, to meet the increased expense of publishing their paper weekly. All our subscribers who thus owe, as well as those whose time expires January 1st, will find the "BLUE STAMP" on the margin of their paper, this number; and also REMEMBER, if you renew your subscription before January, you will receive *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* one year, free! Those who are in arrears must pay what they owe, to January 1st, and RENEW for 1872, if they wish to secure the *Weekly* sent to them FREE.

Don't put off this little matter of business a single day; but call on your neighbor or friend, get an additional subscriber if *possible* and send both *without delay*.

Friends, one and all, will you not ACT PROMPTLY? We believe you will. A. A. W.

New Hall.

Bro. Eli Clark has fitted up a new Hall at Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., for spiritual meetings. The dedication service was held Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23rd and 24th. Bro. Fish, of Byron, delivered three able discourses, and Dr. Lyon, of Rochester, gave us one of his telling "talks." Bro. Clark has a full choir of singers of his own, which adds much to the success of a meeting. There is not very many out and out Spiritualists in Yates, yet the hall was well filled at each of the meetings.

Speakers that may chance to come this way would find it to their advantage to stop and speak a word of encouragement to the people in Clark's Free Hall.

[The above notice of Bro. Clark's new Hall, sent by our friend, Mr. E. Gregory, of Lockport, N. Y., should have appeared before, but was overlooked.

A. A. W.

Lyceum Banner Fund.

We are constantly receiving the generous donations of friends, to this fund. The work goes bravely on, but there are thousands who can and ought to contribute, whom we have not heard from yet. Let each one *do something*. A. A. W.

DONATIONS.

Received before . . .	$58,25
W. Edson, Fond du Lac, Wis. .	1,00
Mrs. Green, Worcester, Mass. . .	2,00
Seth Hale, " " . .	1,00
E. F. Curtis, Farmington, O . .	,50
Jane Wood, Berlin Heights, O. .	1,00
Flora M Davison, Gowanda, N. Y. .	2,00
E. B. & Mary Coles, Rockwood, Tenn. .	1,06
Hiram Eggleston, Wyalusing, Wis. .	1,00
Mrs. Ella Breed, Toledo, O. . .	5,00
A Friend, Cleveland, O. . .	10,00
Miss C. H. Maynard, from friends in Buffalo,	10,00
Total	$92,75

CHICAGO SUBSCRIBERS.—We will continue the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST to all of our subscribers in Chicago who were burned out, and they may consider the next year's subscription a donation from us. Will all those who have not done so already, please notify us?

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers, and others, will be held at the village of Medina, N. Y., the first Saturday and Sunday in December next, commencing each day at 10 o'clock.

The deepening interest clustering around these fraternal gatherings, inspires us with full confidence that this will not be inferior to its predecessors; and we heartily invite all seekers after the truths of this New Dispensation of the angels, to meet with us and enjoy the blessings quite sure to be bestowed upon us.

J. W. SEAVER,
G. W. TAYLOR,
A. B. TILDEN, } *Committee.*

Nov. 6th, 1871.

The Indian Medium.

A Florida letter writer thus beautifully paints spirit control as experienced by a child of nature. Every fibre of our being sympathizes with the fading remnants of the American aborigines. Their talk is soul talk:

It was one of Osceola's braves who thus sang of how his departed twin-sister came back to him:—She died suddenly; I was out on a bear hunt, and seated by my camp fire alone. I heard a strange noise. It was something like a voice which told me to go to her. The camp was some distance, but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy. The wolves howled around me as I went from hammock to hammock. Sounds came often to my ear; I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached her camp; she was dead.

When hunting sometime after with my brother Otulkee. I sat alone by the side of a large oak. In the moss hanging over me I heard strange sounds. I tried to sleep, but could not. I felt myself moving and thought I went far above to a new country where all was bright and happy. I saw clear water, ponds, rivers and prairies, on which the sun never sets. All was green; the grass grew high, and the deer stood in the midst of it looking at me. I then saw a small white cloud approaching, and when just before me, out of it came my twin-sister dressed in white, and covered with bright silver ornaments. Her black hair, which I had often braided, hung down her back. She clasped me around the neck and said, "Coacoochee, Coacoochee." I shook with fear. I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads; in the other she held a cup sparkling with pure water, which she said came from the spring of the Great Spirit, and if I would drink from it, I should return and live with her forever. She had silver bells on her feet, which made a loud noise. Taking from her bosom something, I know not what, she laid it before me, when a bright light streamed far above us. She then took me by the hand and said, "All is peace." I wanted to ask for others, but she shook her head, moved her hand, stepped into the cloud and was gone The fire she had made had gone out. All was silent. I was sorry that I could not have said more to her. I felt myself sinking until I came to the earth, where I met my brother, Otulkee. He had been seeking me, and was alarmed at my absence, having found my rifle w ere he saw me asleep. I told him where I had been, and showed him the beads. These beads were stolen from me when in prison at St. Augustine. At certain periods of the moon, when I had these beads, I could see the spirit of my sister. I may be buried in the earth, or sink into the water, but I shall go to her, and live with her.

Man is a trinity—essential spirit, the spiritual body and the physical body. Dreams, so-called, are threefold. The most unreal and untrustworthy relate to the physical, being the children of appetite, passion and disturbed cranial relations. A higher, better class might, with a good degree of propriety, be denominated visions, as they result from the influences and impressions of guardian spirits, made upon the spiritual sensorium of the brain, during deep sleep. Others still, rising in the scale, might be termed translations and ascensions, inasmuch as the innermost spirit leaves the form, save by electric sympathy, traversing space, meeting congenial friends, and holding holy converse with angels. An English poet thus sweetly sings of dreams:

Does a guardian angel come at night
When the eye of sense is blind,
And reveal to the soul new sources of light,
And pour new scenes on the untried sight,
To develop the eye of mind?

If the prophet bud can foretell the flower,
And the seed contain the embryo tree,
Then what are the strifes of mysterious power
That come in our dream-life to gild the dark hour,
But the future angel's prophecy?

And what is that wild intuitional play
Of fancies that float in our boyhood's brain,
But an embryo vision to shadow the way
Our souls should act in a manlier day,
When the heart is too hardened to feel them again?

Such visions foreshadow man's destiny dream
Among the immortals—a bud yet unblown;
Like the faces of old friends around us they gleam,
Or like fair kindred spirits from heaven they seem
To waken and welcome our souls to their own.

Personal and Local.

D. W. Hull lectured in Thompson, O., Nov. 5th, and Geneva Nov. 12th.

J. M. Peebles' address during Nov. is 358 Washington St., Memphis, Tenn.

Cephas B. Lynn is lecturing in Painesville this month. He goes to East Saginaw, Mich, next month.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is speaking in the West. Has been in Iowa and Minnesota for some weeks, and is now in Wisconsin. His address is Box 394, La Porte, Ind.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown is spending a short time in Cleveland on her way West. She has been lecturing in Washington and Baltimore. Intends to start for California in a few weeks.

Victoria C. Woodhull will give her masterly lecture upon the all-important subject of Finance, at Case Hall, Friday Evening, Nov. 24th. Secure seats early, for the Hall will be crowded.

Levi Dinkelspiel has been lecturing in Connecticut and Washington since the Troy Convention. He intends to go West soon, and would like to make engagements for the winter: His address is box 299, Decatur, Ill.

John Sherman and family have moved from Gahanna to Cardington, O. Our readers doubtless remember the accounts given in our columns of the manifestations given through the mediumship of the Sherman brothers, and they will please bear in mind that their address will hereafter be Cardington, O

A letter from Prof. R. Garter, scholar, lecturer and earnest reformer, informs us that he is just recovering from a protracted illness. He is ready and anxious to make engagements to lecture for one, three, or six months. Prof. Garter is a sound thinker, and said to be a pleasing and entertaining speaker. Give him a call, friends. His address is Coldwater, Mich.

Rev. A. J. Fishback is engaged the present month speaking for the enterprising Spiritualist Society of Norwalk, in this State. We hear his lectures well spoken of, and we understand there is to be an effort on the part of the Spiritualists, to secure his services for a longer period than the present engagement. We are glad our Bro. has commenced labor in this State. He will find plenty to do, we doubt not, and a just reward we hope.

LITERARY NOTICES.

IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE? A lecture by Wm. Denton. Published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, Mass Price 15 cents.

This able and logical discourse, bringing, in massive array, the irrefutable evidences upon which the sublime truths of our philosophy rests, ought to be read by the millions. It is just the article for effective misionary work. Send for them by the dozen and scatter them broadcast.

RADICAL RHYMES, by Wm. Denton. Published by the author. For sale by Wm. White & Co, Boston, Mass. Price $1.25.

Certainly the many friends of Prof. Denton—and they are already as numerous as the host spoken of in scripture, "which no man could number"—will be glad to learn that these stirring, ringing Rhymes, most of them published nineteen years ago, in a small volume, called "Poems of Progress," and long since out of print, are again before the public.

Every sound thinker will do well to get this little book and carry it for "a pocket bible." It is full of "strong meat," perhaps too strong for "babes in Christ," but we are convinced that even a little broth from these Rhymes would tend to strengthen their infantile backbones, if they only have a taste of it.

Read that gem, "Future Life," from page 72 of this little volume, published on first page of this No. of our paper. The melody of these Rhymes will chant the happy song of man's progress, in human hearts, while life endures. A. A. W.

LOOKING BEYOND, a Souvenir of Love to the bereft of every home, by J. O. Barrett, published by Wm. White & Co. Boston, Mass. Price 75 cents, postage 12cts.

We have briefly looked through "Looking Beyond" and are most grateful to our Bro. co-laborer for this little volume of well selected and well attested evidences, which would seem, in all reason, to convince the most sceptical that "looking beyond" is *not* all a dream.

The author truly says "Herein you will find a 'sunny philosophy,'—a balm for every wounded heart.' Its sweet truths and its consoling revelations from the 'better land' will be needed by all. For we are all journeying thither, and do ask for light on the way. Mine is humble—but a single ray—while the the great sun of heavenly benediction remains unmeasured. I may show you, perhaps, where its founts of divine baptism are. 'Come and see.'"

THE AMERICAN
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A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

☞The Managing Editor will answer calls for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies and attend Funerals.

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2	1 75	2.56	4.19	5,81	7.44	9.07	11.51	16.39	22.06	
3	2 50	3.56	5.70	7.82	9.96	12.10	15.30	21.70	29.16	
4	3 25	4.56	7.21	9.83	12.48	15.13	19.09	27.01	36.24	
5	4.00	5 56	8 72	11.85	15.00	18.16	22.88	32.32	43.32	
6	4 75	6 56	10.23	13.86	17.52	21.19	26.67	37.63	50.40	
7	5.50	7.56	11 74	15.87	20.04	24.22	30 46	42.94	57.48	
8	6 25	8.56	13.25	17.89	22.56	27.25	34.25	48,52	64.56	
9	7.00	9.56	14.76	19 89	25.08	30.28	38.04	53.56	71.64	
10	7.75	10.57	16.27	21 90	27.61	33.31	41.83	58.87	78 72	
11	8.50	11.58	17.78	23.91	30.13	36.34	45.62	64.18	85.80	
12	9.25	12.59	19.29	25.98	32 65	39 37	49.41	69.49	92.88	
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Subscribers will please understand that when they see our **"office stamp" upon the margin of their paper,** in blue ink, it is the **only notice** we give that the time of their **subscription has expired!** It is also a **special invitation** from the **Managing Editor,** to have **each one renew promptly.**

☞ Our Cleveland city subscribers will please take notice of the above, and also that there is 26 cents additional due from them, to pay for **their postage,** which we are obliged by law to pay, before mailing their papers. A. A. W.

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Arrive		P. M.		
Painesville	8 41	12.01	4 53	11.12
Ashtabula	9.32	12.50	5.44	11.59
				A. M
Girard	10.24	1.40	6.35	12.48
Erie	10.55	2.10	7.05	1.15
Westfield	11.57	3.28	8 30	
	P. M.			
Dunkirk	12.32	4 05	9.06	2.48
Buffalo	2.00	5 30	10 30	4.10
	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.
New York	6.45	11 00	3.30	6.30
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Arrive				
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Oberlin	6.37		4.00	8.31
Norwalk	7.32	8 03	4.52	9.12
Monroeville	7.48	8.16	5.05	9.28
Clyde	8.22	8.45	5.36	10.00
Fremont	8.42	9.00	5.55	10.17
Toledo	10.00	10.10	7.35	11.30
Adrian	11.56	11.56	9.30	
	P M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Jackson		2.00	11.25	
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Autumn woods, and autumn skies,
Autumn's plaintive symphonies—
Saddest, sweetest strain to me;
So much of human sympathy
Seems blended with its low, soft tone,
The South wind's sorrow-stricken moan,
That like the chantings of a psalm,
Breaks in upon the evening's calm.

And what of thee, poor lonely bird,
Whose sad refrain I have disturbed?
Do these "autumnal days" impress
Thee with a sense of loneliness?
And this, thy latest farewell song
That thou art anxious to prolong?
Fitting death-scene for the flowers,
That through the dreary winter hours
Take their long rest, to wake no more,
Till summer suns their life restore.
Bird and bee have taken wing,
In search of some perennial spring;
Some green island where the flowers
Know not the blight of clime like ours.

Boast as we will of summer skies,
And all the bliss that underlies
The warm and lengthened days of June,
The roses of such rare perfume,
I would not give this autumn day,
These sullen skies of sober grey,
For all the bright and pleasant things
That summer in abundance brings.
Summer is only for the gay,
Who idly pass the hours away;
The light-hearted and the young,
Who love to flutter in the sun,
And only live for glare and noise,
The giddy round of worldly joys—
Like the gay butterfly or moth—
Who do not know the end thereof.

But these autumnal calms that come
When summer's busy toil is done,
And mind assumes her wonted sway,
And men her high behests obey;
Such a quiet, restful feeling,
O'er all the world of nature stealing—
A rest that summer cannot give—
When oh, it seems so sweet to live,
And know that life is something more
Than we have realized before;
More than the daily toil and strife
That enters in our common life.
Broader avenues of thought
To our eager vision brought;
Sympathies so deep and strong,
That rush with impetuous force along,
Wid'ning as they near the sea
Of suffering humanity;
Brighter vistas of that land
That seemed so hard to understand,
Though bounding closely on to this,
Yet like a far-off dream of bliss,
So dimly distant, yet so near,
That sometimes to the listening ear
The very footfalls may be heard,
And swifter than the fleetest bird
Our friends return to us, and keep
The lonely vigils when we sleep,
And through the busy hours of day
Guide and direct our onward way.

I sometimes wonder whether we,
In being's dim obscurity,
Have not inhabited that clime,
And lost amid the mists of time
All traces of our being there,
All knowledge of the when and where—
Yet something like a waking dream
At distant intervals will gleam;
Voices of familiar tone
And faces we have sometime known.
But where is the connecting link?
Methinks we stand upon the brink
Of revelations that the mind
Has not conceived of, or defined!

We know these yearning souls of ours
Are co-eternal with the flowers.
The spirit manifest in them
Is kindred with that of men;
And in that fairer world beyond
There will be something to correspond;
The spiritual part of everything—
Of which we have but the shadowing—
There is the counterpart, the real,
That far surpasses our ideal.
I know the brain with fancies teem,
But when we mostly seem to dream,
We may be nearer to that goal
That bounds the kingdom of the soul.

To me this grand autumnal wood,
With its apparent solitude,
Is peopled with the long thought dead!
These matted leaves on which I tread,
Freighted with that mysterious lore
O'er which our seers and sages pore
With such intensity of thought;
And now that science has been brought
To bear upon these hidden things,
The world no more its censure flings.

These Indian mounds on which I tread,
Shrines of the long forgotten dead;
The chief in his war costume dressed,
With battle-axe upon his breast,
Child-like to his couch he went,
His features beaming with content;
No superstitions haunting him
Of future punishment for sin!
The happy hunting grounds beyond
He full believed would correspond
With these he left behind him here,
And that his spirit, from that sphere,
Would oftentimes return and hold
Sweet counsel, as in days of old.

So to-day these woods I sought,
To give a freer range to thought;
To learn of nature, and compare
Our life with hers, that everywhere
Present such harmony and quiet,
No evil passions to run riot;
Ah! had I but the poet's skill
To paint in words that glow and thrill,
The matchless beauty of the scene—
But language is too weak, I ween;—
Those trees upon the mountain side,
In autumn's gorgeous colors dyed,
And these that skirt the vale below,
Now ruddy with the sunbeam's glow;
E'en the old masters fail to bring
Such depth and tone of coloring,
Their brightest tints are pale to these;
While yonder group of maple trees,
Those pines of ever-varying green,
The red that fills the space between,
Puts human effort all to shame,
And man's best handiwork looks tame!
It seems as though the enchanter's wand
Had been abroad upon the land.
Another day— perchance to-night—
The hoar frost, crystaline and white,
Will leave its foot-prints on the scene,
And like the splendor of a dream,
The glory of this autumn day
Will pass from mortal sight away!

Mazomanie, Wis., October, 1871.

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